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JOHN O. SHEATZ ON SHORT VISIT IN SMETHPORT

Popular Candidate Receives Warm Welcome From Smethport Friends.

A NUMBER OF VOTERS ON HAND

To Receive the Candidate and Hon. E. E. Biedleman, Who is Also Very Popular Throughout the State.

Hon. John O. Sheatz, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, and Hon. E. E. Beidleman arrived in Smethport about 1:15 o'clock this afternoon, making the trip from Newton in an automobile, and were warmly greeted by a number of friends. The party traveling with these gentlemen includes James A. Campbell of the State Republican committee and representatives of Philadelphia newspapers.

The party proceeded to the Grand Central Hotel for dinner, and Mr. Sheatz will meet as many friends as time will permit during the afternoon until 5:15 o'clock, when the party will leave for Kane where a meeting will be held to-night.

Mr. Sheatz is pleased with the outlook in McKean county. A large and enthusiastic crowd greeted him at the mass meeting in Bradford last night, and his reception in Kane to-night will be entirely satisfactory.

The Era in speaking of last night's meeting says: "Hon. John O. Sheatz was the first speaker. He was given a prolonged round of applause and said he was much pleased at the reception given him by the people of Bradford. He said that the management of the office of State treasurer by his predecessors would have no bearing on him. His pledges were received with much enthusiasm."

Hon. E. E. Biedleman, who is chairman of the House Judiciary General Committee, of which the editor of this paper was clerk at Harrisburg last winter, is also very popular. In his speech last night he complimented the McKean county representatives on their good work at Harrisburg. His remarks made a pronounced hit with the audience.

Warren Peterson Killed.

A York, Pa., dispatch in yesterday's Era says: "Richard McWay of Philadelphia, shot and killed Warren Peterson of Olean, N. Y., yesterday at Jacob's Mills, 12 miles from this city. The men were both employed by Dodge & Day, contractors, who are constructing a trolley line between York and Hanover. James Johnson has charge of several hundred men on the construction. Peterson had charge of the dining tent. At noon McWay disputed with Peterson over the manner his meals were served and without a moment's warning he drew his revolver and shot Peterson dead. He then fled to the Conewago hills, where he is now supposed to be. He is being pursued by a posse led by two York detectives."

Warren Peterson, the victim of this shooting affray, was well known in Smethport where he resided a few years ago. He was a colored man who conducted a restaurant and engaged in numerous ventures in this vicinity, the last one being a theatrical company.

John Peterson, father of the murdered man, is said to have been employed as an electrical engineer by the contractors mentioned in the above dispatch, and his son was in charge of the cook tent.

Warren Peterson leaves a wife, father and mother and several brothers and sisters, the family home being in Olean.

Fire Monday Afternoon.

The dwelling situated on the Alton road, a short distance west of the borough line, known as the "square" house, owned by Mrs. Doolittle of Binghamton and rented by Claude Irons was burned to the ground late Monday afternoon.

The contents were almost entirely destroyed and it is reported were not insured. Just how the fire originated could not be learned. The building was too far from the water line to be within reach of the local fire department.

Stole a Typewriter.

Saturday night the office of the late Robert King in the rear of the King dwelling house on Main street was entered by breaking a window and a typewriter belonging to W. S. Palmer was stolen. No clue to the identity of the miscreant is reported as yet. Several petty robberies have been committed in this town during the past month, this typewriter being the most valuable article taken during the series, and the method of operating seems to point to the same person or persons in each case.

Mrs. Harry L. Backus will take a limited number of pupils for instruction on the piano. For further particulars call at 605 E. Main street, or 'phone 47b.

Dancing school at the boss house next Tuesday evening. Wendell & Quinlisk.

Death of Leon Eperthener.

Died, at his home on Hilton avenue, near the Smethport window glass plant, about midnight Monday, October 14, 1907, Leon Eperthener, the cause of his death being fatty degeneration and valvular heart trouble. He had been ailing more or less for several years past, but being of a resolute temperament he attended to his work as a gatherer in the window glass factory whenever it was possible for him to do so. Although it was generally known among his friends that his malady was beyond hopes of cure by human skill, nevertheless the end came with unexpected suddeness and was a sincere shock to all who knew him.

Mr. Eperthener was a thoroughly honest and capable man, conscientious and faithful in his work, a loving and indulgent husband and father, a friend that could be relied upon in an emergency, and kind and charitable to the utmost of his resources. Leon Eperthener was known among men as a square man, and when one acquires and deserves that reputation among his fellow workers, there remains but little more to be said in his praise—that he was "square," describes his characteristics more than columns of newspaper comment could ever do.

Leon Eperthener was born in England, January 15, 1872, and consequently lacked one day of being 35 years and nine months of age at the time of his death. When quite young he came to this country, and in 1893 was united in marriage with Miss Flora Corwen of Bellvernon, Pa., in which town he passed the larger portion of his life. Aside from his widow, four children, two sons and two daughters, survive him, also a sister, Mrs. Chas. Bonhon of Eldred.

Deceased became a resident of Smethport about five years ago and rapidly made friends with many of our townspeople. His upright and energetic personality made him a warm favorite with all whom he came in contact and his loss is a distinct blow to the community.

Mr. Eperthener was a member of McKean Lodge F. & A. M., and of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America. The local preceptory of the latter organization furnished beautiful floral tributes and sent their chief preceptor, John W. Newton, to Bellvernon on the 10:10 a. m. Pennsylvania train Wednesday morning, which conveyed the remains and the widow and children to that town.

Funeral services were held at the late home of the deceased at 9 o'clock, Wednesday morning and were largely attended by fraternal associates and other friends. The Rev. J. Heber McCandless officiated. Upon their arrival in Bellvernon the remains were taken in charge by the Masonic fraternity and burial was made in the cemetery in that town.

John Stanton Dead.

John Stanton, a well known resident of Keating township, died very suddenly at East Smethport Monday morning, October 14, 1907. He was taken severely ill with appendicitis Sunday and Dr. Kane of Kane was summoned and operated upon the young man Sunday night. The operation was a complete success and everything seemed to be favorable for his recovery. His sudden death was a complete and sad surprise to the attending physicians, the relatives and numerous friends.

John was of a generous and genial disposition and very popular with his friends. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stanton, well known residents of Keating township.

He was born in Keating township, Nov. 4, 1879, and had been a resident of this vicinity all his life. On Oct. 17, 1903, he was united in marriage with Miss Mamie Freer of Smethport, who with his father and mother and several brothers and sisters, are left to mourn his loss.

The funeral services were held at the Union church, East Smethport, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. Jerome Smith of Farmers Valley officiating. Interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery.

Passed Fraudulent Checks.

Richard Huelett, a well known painter who has made Smethport his home for the greater portion of the time during the past ten years and whose reputation for honesty was never hitherto questioned, is charged with having negotiated several forged checks in this borough last Saturday.

It is alleged that he forged the name of Carl Sass, a prominent merchant of this town, to several checks which were made out for various amounts and succeeded in having four of them cashed by business men. The money thus obtained is said to amount to about $80.

The forgery was discovered Monday and a warrant issued for Huelett's arrest, but at this writing he has not been located.

The charge against this man was a painful surprise to his many friends, who can hardly believe that "Dick" has gone wrong in this manner.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

A Golden Wedding.

On Tuesday evening, October 15th, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin entertained a large company of friends and neighbors, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion and the host and hostess spared no pains in making the occasion a thoroughly enjoyable one.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin were married on Oct. 15th, 1857, in the Baptist place of worship, which was then situated on Main street on the present site of J. C. Hamlin's store, by the Rev. S. D. Morris. The groom is the second son of the late Orlo J. Hamlin, Esq., and the bride, Charlotte M., the third daughter of Dr. W. Y. McCoy of blessed memory.

Little did the dauntless young hearts realize how much would result from the labors begun 50 years ago in their quiet, unostentatious home. Day after day, year after year, the work went on—the character building that strengthened not only their own lives, the lives of their children and those nearest them, but spread to their neighbors until the whole community felt its benign influence. They were among the first families who united with the Episcopal church, whose first service in Smethport was held in 1842.

As time went on the little mission planted like a tiny acorn, grew. Its services more frequent, its labors more abundant, until its St. Luke's church, it stands to-day as an oak tree stands, a thing of beauty and of strength in the community it blesses and adorns. Never have this worthy couple faltered in their duty to their home, to the community in which they labored, or to the church of their love.

They still work on, if not with the vigor and strength of youth, still heartily, giving the best and truest of their lives to the Master's work. That life may bring them many and continued blessings is the prayer of all their friends.

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Audience Was Pleased.

"The Lunatic and the Lady," which held the boards at the Lyceum last Saturday evening, was one the best attractions ever seen on the local stage—probably the very best for the prices charged.

It is fun every minute from the start to the fall of the final curtain and the comedy is of that clean, lively sort that leaves no bad taste after taking.

The chorus is composed of good looking young ladies and gentlemen, who can sing and dance—specially dance. It was by far the best drilled aggregation of the kind that ever exhibited in Smethport and the members were heartily applauded.

The leading feature of the entertainment is the toe dance by Mlle. Gliette. The performance of this young lady is not only exquisitely graceful, but actually wonderful.

Jennette Mozar is also a dancer and a good one, and she gave abundant proof of her ability in the part of "Florence Killmon."

Gertrude VanDycke as "Sadie Sociable," sang two or three songs in a pleasing manner, one especially, which she sung "at" a young man in the audience, seemed to tickle the crowd. She also danced—in fact they all did and danced well.

Frank Christie as "Samuel Sane" was quite amusing at times, and he was certainly "all to the mustard" when it came to dancing.

Capable people look after the remainder of the parts and the fair-sized crowd was more than satisfied with the performance and are in hopes of seeing it again.

Peculiar People.

Mt. Jewett Herald: The one-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hendrickson, of Hazelhurst which fell head first into a boiler of scalding hot water Wednesday, the 2nd. inst., died Saturday from the effects of the scalding received.

We understand that the Hendrickson family are of the faith cure cult, and refused to call a physician until after the child was dead when it became necessary to take the step to enable them to procure a burial permit.

People who carelessly leave boilers of water standing around where infant children may tumble into them, may confidently be expected to leave the correction of their shortcomings to the Lord.

But when a child scalded as was this one, lives from Wednesday until Saturday, this of itself is evidence that there was a possibility of saving its life to say nothing of alleviating its sufferings, and when it is thus neglected it appears to us that it is up to either the coroner or district attorney of this county to take a hand in the matter.

Religion is one thing, and mixed with a judicious quantity of common sense, may be all right, but there is no place in this section of the world in this age for exhibitions of heartless superstition.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Court Proceedings.

It took a session Saturday night to finish up the business of the court last week. Following are the proceedings after last week's issue of the MINER:

Edgar Hakes, charged with malicious mischief, was found not guilty and the costs were placed upon the complainant, Nettie Sabine.

Augustine Frank, the Italian who attacked and tried to kill a fellow countryman, some months ago at Bingham, on the line of the B., R. & P. road, simplified matters by admitting that he was guilty of aggravated assault and battery. He was sentenced to the Western penitentiary for two years and six months.

In the case of Joseph Goodman, charged with larceny. A motion was made for a new trial and the matter will be argued Nov. 11.

The larceny case brought against Fritz Block resulted in a verdict of not guilty. On a like charge John Beach was found not guilty and in both cases the costs were placed upon the county.

Four bills submitted to the grand jury in the the cases brought against a book agent named Conklin for selling literature alleged to be obscene, etc., were returned as "not true bills."

Emil Davidson was discharged on an assault and battery case, the costs being divided between prosecutor and defendant.

Ed Johnson on a like charge was set free, the county to pay officers' costs.

Jud Jones was sentenced to spend 15 months in the county jail. He was charged with assault and battery in two cases.

Clarence E. Scofield, for assault and battery, was sentenced to the county jail for six months.

The case of H. Tucker, charged with indecent exposure, was continued until the December term, the defendant giving $300 bail.

In the case of Peter Layton, who was charged with assault and battery, the defendant was discharged, Clayton Buchannan, prosecutor, to pay costs. Another case on the same charge against Layton resulted in acquittal, the prosecutrix, Mrs. Layton, failing to appear. Costs were placed upon the county.

R. M. Fowler was discharged, the county to pay costs. Buck Connors was also discharged, the costs being placed on the county.

J. J. Murray was ordered to pay the costs in the surety of the peace case brought against him by Genevieve Morris and the defendant was also ordered to give bail in the sum of $100 to keep the peace. In default he was locked up.

Owing to non appearance of the prosecutor in the case of William Butler he was discharged, the county to pay costs.

For a like reason Dominick Barone, a Bradford Italian, was also discharged. George Stewart, prosecutor, having failed to appear, had the costs placed upon him. These men had trouble over Grace Lee some months ago and Barone has since been in prison.

Postmaster Clayton Buchannan of Sawyer City, who was charged with having shot and wounded Peter Layton, was found guilty of aggravated assault and battery. A motion was made for a new trial, arguments to be heard on the matter, November 11, Buchannan was placed under bail in the sum of $1,000.

The case against Nellie Griffith, assault and battery, was continued until the December term. She was required to give $300 bail.

In the case against Alex Greenberg the information was quashed owing to defects.

Percy Siggins, charged with assault and battery and attempt to rob, was found guilty of assault and battery, but not of intent to rob. He was fined $100, ordered to pay the costs of prosecution and sentenced to serve 10 months in the county jail.

Henry Moss, charged with having held up a man in Bradford, was sentenced to spend four years in the Western penitentiary.

E. J. Brookler, charged with raising a check, was permitted to go on suspended sentence.

Death of Frank Barry.

Frank Barry died at his home in Clermont Thursday morning, October 10, 1907, in the 51st year of his age. Mr. Barry was born and raised in Boston, Mass., where he received a fine education. Several years ago he came to this county where he has been employed in various places. About three years ago he came to Clermont to reside and during his stay in that place made many warm friends.

For several years Mr. Barry has suffered from heart disease, but kept up until about three months ago when his failing health compelled him to resign his position.

The funeral services were held in the Union church at Clermont on Saturday afternoon, Rev. Hopkins of Hazelhurst officiating. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Kasson.

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Wanted—A good cook to act as first girl. Call on or address Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Wanted—A girl for general house work. Apply or address Mrs. H. C. Wells.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

The sad intelligence was wired to her sister in this place on Wednesday evening June 30, 1887, about 7 p. m., from Rochester, N. Y., that Rowena Janette Brooks, wife of Frank E. Brooks, our young and enterprising builder, and second daughter of our well-known citizen, Robert King, Esq., had just died. In her younger days, what is known to the medical profession as a cystic tumor, began to develope on her right shoulder. At first her parents paid little attention to it, but after a few months it had grown to such proportions that they concluded to have it removed, if possible. Dr. Freeman of this place examined it and concluded that it might be taken off and, finally, performed the operation with a degree of success which was not only satisfactory to himself, but to the family. Later on, however, the tumor made its reappearance, and its rapid growth was alarming to herself and friends. About two weeks ago, in company with her husband and mother, she visited Rochester for the purpose of consulting Dr. Moore of the Rochester Hospital, as to the advisability of taking it off. The doctor examined it and concluded that it could be done and her life saved. The tumor was removed and for a few days she seemed to improve under the ordeal, to that extent that her husband concluded to return home, leaving her in care of her mother. He reached Smethport on Monday night of this week. On Tuesday afternoon a dispatch was received by him that alarming symptoms had developed in his wife and to come to Rochester as soon as possible. Her father, who was in Potter county, was also telegraphed for, and both hurried to the bedside of the dying woman, as before stated she died on Wednesday afternoon. The immediate cause of her death is not known here at the hour of going to press. (Her remains will reach here this Thursday evening) and the funeral will probably be held on Friday. Mrs. Brooks was the second daughter of Robert and Pauline Hamlin King and at the time of her death was about 25 years of age. At an early age she exhibited a great love for art and in 1882 spent several months at the School of Design in Philadelphia. She was a sweet, loving woman and is loved by all who knew her. In March last she was married to Mr. F. E. Brooks of this place, and her early death is a crushing blow to her husband, her parents, her three sisters and a large circle of relatives and friends. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the family in their deep affliction.

One day last week three young lads named Rudolph and Waldo Sasse and Dudley Keefer thought it was about time for them to open the Fourth of July season and with that object in view they met themselves to the hillside in the neighborhood of the Freeman gas well with a powder horn pretty well stocked with powder. After building up a fire one of the boys commenced pouring powder on the flames. It had not been engaged in this seemingly innocent occupation very long before there was an explosion, and the horn was blown into smithereens. Strange to say none of the boys' eyes were put out, but their faces were badly burned by the powder, especially young Keefer's. The boys have undoubtedly learned a valuable lesson from their experience, and in the future they will not monkey with a loaded powder horn (June, 1887.)

Conductor Harry Richmond of the B., B. & K. R. R., met with a painful accident on Wednesday afternoon, June 29, 1887. He had charge of train 15 which left Bradford at 1 p. m., and on making a sharp curve about 5½ miles east of that city, the car which he was in broke loose from the rest of the train and rolled down the embankment. It was a freight train and the rest of the crew being in the other cars were not injured. Harry had his collar-bone broken, a cut behind the right ear, his left foot badly bruised and there are several bruises on both legs. He was taken to Bradford on an engine where his wounds were dressed by Dr. Shoemaker, and from there he was brought home in a carriage. He is now under the care of Dr. Brown, who will see that he is around again in a few days all right side up with care.

Our old friend, James McGuire, is now the proud father of an heir. He wears his new honors with becoming dignity. (June, 1887.)

Enjoyable Open Meeting.

The Smethport P. H. C. held an open meeting at its lodge room Tuesday night which was [illegible] attended by members and their [illegible] District Organizer Evans of Sharon, Pa., was in attendance and delivered an eloquent address, which was of great interest to everyone belonging to fraternal societies. A musical program was rendered and elegant refreshments served, after which dancing was the principal amusement of the evening. It was an enjoyable occasion and the guests are more than pleased with their entertainment at the hands of the P. H. C.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

"The Arrival of Kitty."

It is refreshing to note that a good, clean, wholesome American comedy, absolutely free from that French "nastiness" which has characterized so many late comedy productions, can succeed. The public has grown heartily sick and tired of the nauseating French adaptations which have been forced upon the theater going public for a number of years and they turn with pleasurable relief to a play that is genuinely funny, absolutely free from suggestive lines or action and which has the faculty of thoroughly entertaining and amusing an audience. Such a play is the three act comedy, "The Arrival of Kitty," which C. S. Williams will present at the Smethport Lyceum, next Monday evening, Oct. 21. Everywhere this delightful comedy has been seen this season both press and public have gone into ecstacies over it and not once has it received an adverse criticism from newspaper critics or spectator. The management takes pleasure in boasting of such an accomplishment for there are few plays but what can find something to pick a flaw in. "The Arrival of Kitty" has escaped all this, however, and there is not a moment in the entire performance when the audience is not laughing at the good-natured comedy which permeates the entire production. The laughter starts a few moments after the rise of the curtain and it continues steadily during the three acts. Norman Lee Swartout is the author of this latest success and he is to be congratulated upon having given to the stage a play that is bright, clean and well worth witnessing a number of times. Every manager, wherever "The Arrival of Kitty" has been played this season, has asked for an early return date and this fact speaks volumes. The comedy has been finely produced and will be presented here by a splendid company of comedians. To add to the interest in the comedy and to allow audiences a few moments of rest from incessant laughter, several excellent specialties are introduced at intervals during the three acts.

Stovepipe League Meets.

At a regular meeting of the Smethport branch of the Stovepipe league the other night, Marshall Keefer, better known perhaps in baseball circles as "Pa Mike," told the following startling tale, which is vouched for by Herman Tull, and disputed on points by Tom Young:

"Thirteen years ago, I think it was, on Friday, the thirteenth day of the month, the Smethport baseball team went to Olean to play a game with the team in that city. There were thirteen men in our party.

"In the first inning Olean made thirteen hits off our pitcher and with the help of errors scored 13 runs. It took thirteen innings to decide the game, which resulted 13 to 13 in favor of Smethport. Tom Young played third base that day and made thirteen errors (this is one of the disputed points) and although Tull, who pitched after the first inning did not allow a hit, he gave thirteen bases on balls.

"Did you ever try telling that story thirteen times in the same way?" asked a cynical listener. Whereupon the regular business of winning next year's American league pennant was taken up.

Some Limepicks.

There was a man in Atchison
Whose trousers had rough patchison.
He found them great
He'd often state,
To scratch his parlor matchison.
—Lippincott's.

There was a man in Henderson,
Who had a tall and slenderson,
A human rail,
Who used a nail
To fasten his suspenderson.
—Chicago Tribune.

A sleeper from the Amazon,
Put nighties of his grammazon—
The reason, that
He was too fat,
To get his own pajamazon.
—Buffalo News.

A dashing young man from Roulette
On a ball game once won a bette
As a sport he was new
And the stakeholder flew—
So he hasn't his money as yette.

Estray Notice.

Came to my premises on Thursday, Sept. 26, three head of cattle, one red and white yearling bull, one mouse gray yearling steer and one red and white yearling heifer—ears wired. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. Otherwise they will be disposed of according to the law governing estrays.

JOHN [illegible]SON,
Colegrove, Pa.
40-3t

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

A Smuggling Episode.

By Florence Newhouse Fen.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

As Dorothy stepped from the train she cast a furtive look behind her and made a dash for a carriage.

She was almost certain the tall man with a Vandyke beard had followed her all the way from Easton and still had his eye upon her. She crouched back in a corner of the vehicle with heart throbbing madly and nerves at a high tension.

"Drive fast to the Glen hotel," she ordered the cabman.

The driver whipped up his horses and in ten minutes drew up before the picturesque hotel in the woods of Glen Echo.

As Dorothy sprang to the ground a girl of twenty came around the corner of the veranda.

"Dot Graham!" she cried to the newcomer. "Can I believe my eyes? I am



"PARDON SIR, IS THIS MISS PRICE?" HE ASKED COURTEOUSLY.

so glad to see you. We are a dull, rusty lot up here since the season closed."

"Oh, Fan! Oh, come in quickly!" Dot [illegible] into the house [illegible]. "Fan, I have been followed [illegible]."

"All the way [illegible]."

"Well, my dear Fan, you must blame your own charming face."

"No, no; it is not a villain flirtation. He is a detective."

"Nonsense. Why should a detective follow you? Why, Dot, dear, you are trembling like a leaf. Come up to my room and tell me all about it."

"It all comes from buying this coat in Canada."

"Your new sealskin? Um, isn't it a beauty?"

"I hate it." Dot flung the offending article upon the sofa. "Goodness only knows what complications it has occasioned. I wore it on the train, knowing nothing of the duty imposed on such articles until brother George met me at the station in Easton. Even then when he told me the danger I incurred of being arrested for smuggling I thought it one of his pranks. You know George is never so happy as when he is teasing me. But when he insisted upon my coming up here to you until all danger was past I became really frightened and with cause, as you will admit," continued Dot breathlessly, "for I noticed a man not five minutes later standing near where I was waiting for the train who seemed to be watching me. Sure enough he boarded the same train and alighted at Glen Echo station almost upon my heels. Fan, will you harbor a fugitive from justice?"

Dorothy's woeful face was too much for vivacious Fan Price. She bubbled over with laughter.

"You are alarming yourself unnecessarily," she assured her friend. "If the man had been a detective he would have arrested you then and there."

"Detectives are very shrewd people," pronounced Dorothy distrustfully.

"I am glad you came to me. We remain here until the first of the month. Father is keeping the hotel open to accommodate a party of congressmen who are up for a two weeks' hunt, and mother refuses to leave him," Fan explained.

"What are your congressmen hunting for?" Dot asked.

"Bears," said Fan.

"I thought," and there was a mischievous twinkle in Dorothy's eyes, "that they might be hunting for dears?"

"In which event," twinkled Fan, "you would be obliged to flee from danger once more."

Both girls laughed with the gladness of youth, and for the time Dot forgot her anxiety. They ran up to the cedar room, where Mrs. Price with motherly forethought was laying away summer clothing in large paper bags scented with lavender. They strolled out under the leafless trees in the cold November twilight, exchanging confidences, and came in shivering, late to dinner.

The congressmen were all there, gathered around one large table which had been set apart for them. As Dorothy passed on to the family board she became conscious of an intent gaze fixed upon her; an irresistible something drew her eyes toward the men, toward one, at least, and their eyes met.

The color left her face, her soul grew sick with fear—the fear of arrest. To be dragged like a common thief to prison to answer the charge of smuggling! The thought was unbearable. She blamed the law that made it a crime to wear one's own garments into one's own country.

Slipping into her seat she leaned toward Fan with a shuddering whisper: "He is here! The one with short, pointed beard. Don't look—and don't tell your father or mother."

Fan glared in the direction of the congressmen, singled out the Vandyke, which at that moment was oblivious of her critical scrutiny in an interested discussion of venison, and whispered back:

"He does not look ferocious enough to bite."

But Dorothy could not see the joke; it was an hour of agony for her. When at last the meal was over and they could get away, the two girls ran up to the safe seclusion of Fan's room, where they talked it over breathlessly and in whispers.

They decided that Dorothy should steal away under cover of darkness, take the first train for Easton and so make good her escape.

As to the sealskin sack, the cause of so much agitation, it was secretly stowed away in one of Mrs. Price's lavender bags; Dot enveloped herself in a borrowed cravenette, hiding her face behind an automobile veil.

With timid step the two conspirators slipped down to the lower hall. They could hear the men's voices as they exchanged stories around the office fire.

Just as the girls reached the lower step, with freedom almost within reach, the office door opened and Dot's pursuer stepped forth.

"Pardon me, is this Miss Price?" he asked courteously. "Your father said I would find you in the sitting room."

"Oh—er—yes," stammered Fan, trying to push palpitating Dorothy past him.

He seemed such a pleasant, polite detective that for one reckless moment Fan entertained the idea of appealing to him in behalf of the innocent offender, but before she could speak he pulled a letter from his pocket.

"It is for Miss Price and is from my sister, Nellie Dayton," explained he.

"Nellie Dayton your sister?" both girls exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," he said cordially. "When she learned that I was coming up here for a few days' shooting with some friends she insisted that I become her courier. She also intrusted to my care a kodak picture, some of her own work, I believe. It is a group of picnickers, among them yourself and your friend here. I recognized Miss Graham when I saw her at the station in Easton, although it is three years since I have seen her. I was strongly tempted to make myself known at once, but I saw that she did not remember me."

Dot threw back her veil, disclosing a bright smile and a face beaming with relief.

[illegible] Mr. Dayton," [illegible] exclaimed Dorothy. "It would have saved me such a scare."

[illegible]

"Not afraid of your beard," laughed Dorothy, in which Fan joined. "You were a beardless senior when I met you three years ago, you know."

"So I was. Why, I did not think of that. What a chump I am!"

Several days later, when "Brother George" came to Glen Echo with a significant ring for Fan Price, she told him in confidence that his prank was likely to cost his sister her freedom.

"Imprisonment?" he asked in a horrified whisper. "That is severe punishment for smuggling one article."

"That depends upon the article smuggled," Fan hinted, with a wise side glance. "I am afraid our Dorothy has been guilty of smuggling other things than sealskin coats, and she began three years ago."

"Three years a smuggler! Then she deserves the limit for such an offense."

"Deserves it? She would not be happy without the full penalty of the law—imprisonment for life! There, I told you so," Fan added mischievously as Dot and Mr. Dayton strolled into view. "Here she comes now with her jailer!"

Her Faith In Drugs.

Faith in drugs was the subject under discussion when an elderly physician who had spoken against the practice of "dosing" by laymen told this story: "I had a patient once who complained of pains in her right arm. She was otherwise well and strong and looked upon the little ache as nothing serious. Weeks after she had been to see me she met me and said that she used the liniment I gave her on her bad arm every night and that when she did not use it she could not sleep. One night she retired before making the application, but reached from her bed to the table, got her liniment bottle, gave her arm a good rubbing and felt better for it and went to sleep. When she awoke the next morning she discovered that she had grabbed the wrong bottle and had applied copious doses of black ink. It did her as much good as my liniment."—New York Tribune.

Stationary Waltzing.

"You let him hug you in the conservatory."

"I did not. I made him remove his arm every time the music in the ballroom stopped."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Comparison.

Mrs. Johnston (over the tub)—Doan Ah mek yo' a good livin', Henry Clay Johnston? Mr. Johnston—Tol'ble, chile—tol'ble. But yo' sh'd have seen de way mah mothah suppohted mah fathah!—Puck.

Nothing except it be a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.—Wellington.

TIBET'S TEA CARAVANS.

The Merchants Carry Prayer Flags and Devotional Wheels.

In the valley of Tatsien, west China, we were fortunate enough to meet a great tea caravan, says an eastern traveler. We have met them on the passes and on rough ground till it seemed as if we encountered yak wherever the road was difficult, but here in the valley we saw them to advantage, and the sight was unique. The merchants who go to Tatsienfu to trade travel together for protection and mutual assistance. One man has ten yak, another fifty, until the whole caravan numbers far into the hundreds.

The tea is neatly packed in leather cases containing about 125 pounds, and two of these make a load for a yak. They hang easily and evenly from the saddle on both sides, making the picture uniform. As they filed into the valley and crossed the stream the animals were somewhat in confusion, but once on the grass they spread out in a line and moved forward like a squad of cavalry. Each man keeps his own animals separate, driving them before him, so that with a score of squads on the plain the impression of an army of cavalry is complete, with the colored prayer flag fluttering from the guns thrown over the shoulders of the men.

We made the stage to Bakmiel before noon and had a refreshing meal of barley flour and butter tea before our dinner was ready. While we did not attempt to live on the native food, we found it most acceptable whenever we arrived tired and hungry after the day's journey before our goods came up.

We visited a lamasery where we saw a prayer wheel six feet in height, raised three feet from the floor and turned by ropes with handles hanging conveniently from the bottom. In the same room was a scroll containing 1,000 Buddhas; the painting was very well done. The Tibetans have certainly outdone every other form of religion in the matter of religious machinery and observance.

When driving yak they say prayers, especially when climbing a pass; the rosary is in constant requisition when the hands are not otherwise engaged, or a prayer wheel is turned in the hand—at times both. This does not preclude the necessity of putting up prayer flags in every conceivable place, so that the wind with every flutter of the flag will be saying prayers for the owner or placing a number of prayer wheels in a stream where the water will keep them turning day and night or perhaps attached to a windmill for the same purpose.

The prayer wheels are packed full of prayers written on strips of paper and wound tightly in such a way that the turning of the wheel tells off the prayers in the right way; to turn a wheel backward would say the prayers backward. It is easy to see that the larger the wheel the more prayers are said by one turn. The one we saw was a very handsome one, beautifully [illegible] very popular.

An Art Comparison.

[illegible] Abd el Hakk [illegible] one day [illegible] says the author of "[illegible] in Morocco," and was very [illegible] the house of the Widow Zaidah [illegible] two hard boiled eggs [illegible] there was in the house.

Later, when Abd el Hakk lived in Marakesh and was very rich, Menahl the lawyer, disliking him, persuaded the Widow Zaidah to sue him for the eggs, but not for the eggs alone, for they would have become two chickens, which in time would have so multiplied that the whole fortune of Abd el Hakk would not now pay for them. When the case came to trial the rich man was not in court.

"Why is the defendant not here?" demanded the judge.

"My lord," said his attorney, "he is gone to sow boiled beans."

"Boiled beans?"

"Boiled beans, my lord."

"Is he mad?"

"He is very wise, my lord."

"Thou mockest!"

"Surely, my lord, if hard boiled eggs can be hatched, boiled beans will grow."

The suit was promptly dismissed, with costs to the plaintiff.—Youth's Companion.

Olives at Sorrento.

The olive yields an abundant crop once in two years. The season when olives are plentiful is called by the contadini "l'anno grasso," or the fat year; the other, when they are scarce, being "l'anno magro," or lean year. In the month of September the fruit begins to turn a bluish black, but it is not fully colored till October. It is often attacked by small maggots, such as are found in cherries, and then it falls from the trees; but, though the olives are partially spoiled, they are picked off the ground, and an inferior kind of oil is made from them. The longer they remain on the trees the better is the quality of oil they produce. In other parts of Italy they are seldom gathered before the month of December, but on the coast of Sorrento it is generally necessary to harvest them earlier. In 1807 the crop was abundant and promised well, but owing to the want of rain in August the fruit became dry and shriveled, and when the heavy rains came in September much of it rotted and fell, and most of it had to be gathered before it was entirely spoiled. In such a season the end of October will see the trees entirely despoiled, and the fine crop will bring in a poor harvest and produce an inferior quality of oil.—Chambers' Journal.

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Bad Beginnings.

By BRIAN CAHILL.

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Eddowes scowled at the clock as he let himself into the office. A freight train on the branch line over which he commuted to town had blocked the tracks and he had been forced to tramp two miles across country to reach the trolley. Arriving after a series of transfers, he found Benton's card on the floor beneath the letter drop with the penciled legend that he was going out of town.

The deal Eddowes had been working on would not hold out until Benton's return, and he gritted his teeth as he thought of all the commission on the transaction would have meant to him.

It would have made up the sum needed to complete the purchase of the little house he wanted to offer Edna Conant as a home, and it might mean a year now before another such brilliant opportunity would offer.

He glanced out of the window through the light, driving rain, at the sodden vista of wet roof tops and smoke stained buildings, and thought how well the weather matched his own feelings. For months he had been working to close the real estate transaction. Benton was to be at the office at 10 to put the final details through, and now he had sailed for Europe and would not be back for several months. It was the final happening of a chain of accidents that had begun with his stubbing his toe as he got out of bed, followed by the loss of his last collar button under the bureau, the burning of half his breakfast by a green servant girl and then the wreck and its attendant discomforts.

He turned from the window with a shudder.

"This is a fine beginning for the week," he said to himself. "If it keeps up this way until Saturday I shall land in the lunatic asylum."

He took his seat before the desk and busied himself with the papers in the Benton matter. Four signatures and the exchange of a check would have made the set complete and would have brought him a commission of $10,000. Everything had been arranged to expedite matters. Benton had waited half an hour in the hall until he had just time to make the steamer upon which he was to sail.

Eddowes carefully clipped the papers to a file board and caught up his umbrella. There was no chance of any other caller during the lunch hour, and the loss of his breakfast and the tramp across country had put an edge on his appetite.

[illegible] hurrying throng, and, raising his umbrella, he fell in with the procession of [illegible] steaming mortals. The wind had freshened, and the rain was driving in sheets now. At the corner by the trust company building the air currents were unusually strong, and just as he passed the curb a girl ahead made a clutch at her umbrella as it turned inside out, while the torn silk fluttered from the bent ribs. Eddowes caught the dainty hat with his own umbrella [illegible] to the prospect [illegible] of the outrage.

"Let it drop in the gutter," he said. "There is no hope of saving any part of it."

"Harry!" gasped the girl. "Where did you come from?"

"From the office," he laughed. "What brings you downtown, Edna?"

"I was to meet father for lunch," she explained. "He was called to an important conference and left word for me to go to lunch alone. I was going home. I am so perfectly miserable. Everything has gone wrong today. It has been a chapter of accidents ever since I rose."

"Let's be miserable together," he suggested. "Come and have some lunch, and we'll tell each other our troubles."

He led the way to a little place where the service was excellent and the prices moderate. Here, at a little table in the corner, she detailed her chapter of accidents, while he in turn gave a whimsical account of his own mishaps.

"We are companions in misery," he said, with a laugh. "I really believe that it has done me good to pour my tale of woe into sympathetic ears."

"I know that it has done me good to share my burden," she said, with a look that made Eddowes' heart beat the faster. "I'm sorry about that deal you lost."

"It meant a great deal to me," he said mournfully. "I was going to purchase the Gordon place."

"For investment?" she asked, though she knew well enough she had said once, when she had visited his sister how much she would enjoy a place like that for her home.

"An investment in happiness," he said meaningly. "I suppose that the place will be sold long before I am able to get another deal like this through."

"Is your happiness entirely dependent upon that one place?" she asked. "Is happiness a matter of real estate?"

"Real estate contributes materially to happiness," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "I should not want to offer an unworthy home to the woman I want to marry."

"Home is what you make it," she reminded him. "There is Jessie Bruce. They have only four rooms in an apartment house, but they are perfectly happy and content. George had the courage to ask Jessie as soon as he was certain that he could make both ends meet in a small way. He did not wait [illegible] a woman loves a [illegible] marry him because he [illegible] offer a pretentious home."

"Would you marry me with the little I have to offer?" he asked. "It was you I thought of, dear."

Her hand crept across the table and stole into his own. "Of course I would if you asked me," she assented, with a happy little laugh, "but I am afraid that you are going to let pride keep you from happiness."

"I was going to," he admitted, "but this little visit has done so much to give me fresh courage that I realize more than ever how much I need you. Will you marry me, dear, take me for better or worse, with the chances that it may be worse for awhile?"

The "Yes" was whispered so softly that he guessed rather than heard the answer, and his face grew radiant at the thought that this great happiness was to be his.

"I don't care now about the loss of the deal or the wreck or even the rain," he cried. "I have you, and with you it will always be sunshine and good fortune."

As though in answer, a beam of sunlight stole through the windows and fell across the table. Eddowes looked up.

"There is the omen," he cried. "That last burst of rain must have been the final gasp of the storm. The sun is coming through the clouds."

"And it's always going to shine," she answered.

"Let's pay the check and go and get the ring," he suggested. "I want to have you sealed and signed. I—hello!"

His face was blank with amazement as Benton threaded his way toward them between the rows of tables.

"I thought I should find you here," explained the newcomer when greetings had been exchanged. "We had not left the harbor when we ran aground to avoid running a schooner, and in trying to pull our nose out of the mud the propeller shaft broke. We sail at 9 tonight. In the meantime I thought I would come back to town on one of the tugs and close up that deal."

"Everything is all ready," exclaimed Eddowes, rising. "We'll go right over to the office. It will be a fortunate investment, I am sure. We have just found out that bad beginnings make good endings."

Perhaps Benton understood why Eddowes pressed Edna's hand as he helped her into her coat. At any rate he smiled in sympathy as they went out into the sunlight.

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The Milk In the Cocoanut.

Every boy knows the three eyes to be found in one end of a cocoanut, and many a boy has bored these eyes out, or one or two of them, with the small blade of a pocketknife so as to get at the milk in the cocoanut, which he has then drained out into a cup or drunk direct from the cocoanut itself. But there is a more fascinating way still of getting at the milk in the cocoanut. By this other method the cocoanut is opened at the other end from the eyes. The cocoanut is struck all around gently and repeatedly with a hammer, or a stone will do, at a distance of about one-third of the way down from the top, about where the [illegible]. A continual gentle tapping will finally crack the shell of the nut all around [illegible]. Sometimes it cracks [illegible] so that [illegible] can be lifted off [illegible]; sometimes it cracks out only a shell cap at the top, which is lifted off, and the cap of meat underneath is then cut out around with a knife. And then there you are with the white lined cocoanut cup to drink from.

A Bird Flight Fallacy.

There have been decades of dispute over the value of the hollow bones and the air sacs in many species of birds. It has been contended that, inasmuch as the temperature of birds is higher than that of any other creature, this network of air chambers, becoming filled with air warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, enables the bird to rise. It is true that the gannet, the pigeon, the pelican, the albatross and other flying birds are equipped with air chambers, but the Australian emu, which flies when at all with the greatest difficulty, as well as the ostrich and the apteryx, which cannot fly at all, are also provided with these air cells—and so, too, is the orang outang! Moreover, notably good fliers—swifts, martins, snipes, the gloss starling, the spotted flycatcher, the wood wren and the black headed bunting—have bones destitute of air, some of them, in fact, being filled with marrow. No fallacy in science has been more difficult to puncture than this air cell or balloon theory of flight.—Everybody's Magazine.

Eating Eggs.

He was a Frenchman and on his way to make his first visit to the land of Uncle Sam. At breakfast the first morning after the steamer had left Cherbourg his right hand neighbor noticed that he was watching some Americans who sat opposite. The meal finished, inquiry was made as to the reason for the Frenchman's interest in what was going on in front of him.

"Did you see them?" he spluttered—the remarks may be freely translated—"did you see them eat the eggs?"

"Why, of course I saw them. What about it?"

"They broke"—this in horror—"they broke the eggs into cups and then messed the mixture with a spoon and ate it."

"Yes. You see, that's the way we Americans eat eggs. We don't crack the top and eat the egg out of the shell, as you do."

"Oh, we do, too—that is, some of us. We fix eggs that way for children who haven't learned table manners."

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The Reward of Haughtiness.

The other day a chemist was awakened about 1 o'clock in the morning by a lad clamoring at his shop door. Opening his bedroom window, he saw a small boy, who was gesticulating wildly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the chemist.

"I want a penny'orth o' camphorated chloroform for t' toothache!" howled the lad.

The chemist was not overjoyed when he found how small the order was for which he had been so rudely awakened from his slumber; but, taking pity on the sufferer, he dressed himself and went downstairs to supply the much desired relief. While measuring the drug he could not help doing a growl at the lad.

"It's like your cheek," he observed, "to wake me up at this time of the night for a paltry penn'orth of chloroform."

"Oh, is it?" said the boy resentfully. "Then I'll tek mi custom somewheer else. Yer can keep yer chloroform. I weean't hev it neaw for yer blooming sauce!"

And he didn't. He went off quite indignantly, nursing his jaw, to wake up another chemist.—Pearson's Weekly.

Easily Turned.

A small boy was asked to take dinner at the home of a distinguished professor in Princeton. The lad's mother, in fear lest he should commit some breach of etiquette, gave him repeated directions as to what he should and should not do.

Upon his return from the great occasion the mother's first question was, "Harold, did you get along at the table all right?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, well enough."

"Are you sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite and gentlemanly?"

"Why, no—nothing to speak of."

"Then something did happen. What was it?"

"But I fixed it all right, mamma."

"Tell me at once!"

"Why, I got along pretty well until the meat came, but while I was trying to cut mine it slipped off on to the floor. But I made it all right."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I just said sort of carelessly, 'That's always the way with tough meat.'"—Youth's Companion.

Her Ready Wit.

Though he had long adored her in secret—worshiped, in fact, the ground she pressed beneath the soles of her dainty little No. 3's—he had never yet been able to screw up sufficient courage to put his fate to the test. Poor fellow! He was one of those shy, modest, self depreciating sort of chaps that are growing rapidly scarcer or he would have tumbled months ago to the fact that he had only to go in and win. Gertrude Alicia knew the state of his feelings right enough, but it had pleased her hitherto to keep him dangling in attendance. At last, however, she made up her mind to land her fish as soon as a favorable chance presented itself.

And the opportunity came at the Smythingtons' little soiree, when the bashful swain, entering the conservatory, discovered his inamorata looking her loveliest amid the palms and flowers.

"Are—are you alone?" he questioned timidly.

In a moment the fair and ready witted girl saw her chance and took it then and there. "A loan, Hen—er—Mr. Flimkin," she said, with lowered eyelids, "a loan? Certainly not—I'm a gift."

And fifteen minutes later, when they emerged from their retreat, Henry was asking himself how he could have been such a juggins as to postpone his happiness so long.

Neander's "One Work."

Doctors, when they send away a busy man for several weeks of rest, do not consider that to one accustomed to work an enforced rest is both irritating and depressing.

Neander, the famous church historian, had promised his physician on being ordered to Carlsbad to drink its famous waters that he would take no books with him except one work, which the doctor with reluctance allowed. On the morning of the historian's departure, the doctor, wishing to say goodby to his patient, called at his door and saw a cart laden with heavy folios.

"But, dear professor," said the physician, with the emphasis of displeasure, "you promised me to take no books with you."

"Yes, doctor," replied the childlike professor, "but you allowed me one work, so I thought I might take the fathers with me to Carlsbad."

The "one work" included three or four score volumes.

When Marriage Is the Topic.

The wedded state is a favorite subject with the epigram makers. From a very old ballad we take this:

There was a blinded to a cart
A couple to be done;
Behold a [illegible] was grieved,
And apart and [illegible]
To know [illegible] a wife
[illegible]
[illegible] the cart!"
The crowd [illegible]

More modern is this view of:

[illegible]

[illegible]

Who, by the way, is the author who describes a second marriage as being "the triumph of hope over experience"? Samuel Lover's matrimonial epigram is very apposite:

[illegible]

[illegible]
—Chambers's Journal.

Fun In Space.

"I dreamed last night that I was present at a committee meeting of the sun, earth, moon and stars.

"I'm no coward," said the earth.

"No, but you have two great fears," said the sun hotly.

"And those are?"

"The hemispheres."

"You've forgotten the atmosphere," put in the moon. And the comet, who had no business to be there, wagged his tail with joy.

His Awful Fate.

An American visitor in a German city bought a dachshund. The animal's length of body, short and peculiarly shaped legs and "highly intelligent dachs face," he writes, would have made the dog conspicuous among the finest of his breed. "One day we missed him and were unable to find our pet. Next day his dead body, a little longer than in life, was shown to me by the man who came to tell us he had found the dog. He was very dead, but I did want to know how he met his untimely end and after inquiring learned that he had been run over by a 'spiegelscheibentransportwagen.' I could readily understand how that would have killed even an elephant and wanted to know why the infernal machine had been allowed to come into the city. It was a relief to be told that a spiegelscheibentransportwagen is a wagon on which mirror plates are transported. Poor little dachs!"

The Lord and the Burglar.

Lord Iverdale had just finished his after dinner speech and the guests had applauded when the butler rushed forward and announced to his lordship that there was a burglar in the house.

"A burglar! Confound his impudence! Where is he?"

"We don't exactly know, your lordship. One of the maids, hearing a noise in the library, looked in and saw a man at the safe. If your lordship will allow me, I'll put Jarvis in my place here and take charge of the search."

"Very good, Haskins. Go by all means. Wait a moment—here is the key of my desk. Take the revolver you will find in the right hand top drawer; you may need it. As soon as I can get away without alarming the ladies I'll join you."—Munsey's.

The Sheik and His House.

When the French came into contact with the Bedouin in Algeria, it was thought that a ready way of civilizing him would be to assist him to build himself a permanent habitation. A sheik who was thus favored was full of gratitude to the French engineers who had built him a house.

"Since my house was finished," he said, "I have not lost a single sheep. I lock them up in my house every night, and next morning I find them all in safety."

"Then where do you sleep yourself?" asked an officer in amazement.

"Oh, for myself, a sheik can live only in his tent!" said the other, with dignity.

The Truth.

Golsa Goldo descended painfully from his ninety horsepower automobile.

"I wish to purchase," he said, "an engagement ring."

"Yes, sir," said the eager clerk. "We have just imported a superb ring, sir; two ruby hearts surrounded"—

"No," said the aged millionaire in a cold, disillusioned voice; "no; that won't do. There is only one heart concerned in this affair. The girl is marrying me for my money."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Confidence.

Jackson—Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening. Wilson—In what way? Jackson—He lent me an umbrella.—London Telegraph.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He has a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

(ALL DEALERS)

THE BIG STORE.

FOR

FRUIT CANS AND JELLY GLASSES

POTATO HOOKS AND FORKS

GAS RANGES, HOT PLATES AND OVENS

MANTLES, GLOBES AND BURNERS

TIN and ENAMEL WARE

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

Disraeli's Nuptial Joke.

There was a little joke between them (Disraeli and his wife) which I heard from the late dean of Salisbury. "You know I married you for your money," Disraeli would say to her. "Oh, yes; but if you were to marry me again you would marry me for love?" was the regular reply. "Oh, yes!" her husband would exclaim, and the little nuptial comedy ended.

But what Disraeli said to Bernal Osborne once about his marriage is much better worth the telling. It was at a dinner party after dinner when the men were alone. "What did you marry her for?" Osborne asked in his characteristic way. Disraeli twiddled his wineglass in the pause that followed this point blank inquiry. Then he lifted his head slowly and looked the other very expressively in the face. "For a reason," he said, "which you could never understand—gratitude."—From "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories," by T. E. Kebbel.

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 17, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—"The Toymakers," at the Lyceum, Oct. 26.

—Teachers' Institute commences one week from next Monday.

—The Lindholm Co. has a new and seasonable advertisement in to-day's issue which is of interest to all.

—The Port Allegany Argus plant is being moved to a more convenient location this week and as a consequence no Argus will be issued this week.

—Time to think about election. The Republican ticket deserves your hearty support this year. Two weeks from next Tuesday is the day.

—Your attention is directed to the advertisement for "The Arrival of Kitty," which appears in another column. This comedy is highly spoken of, and is the attraction at the Lyceum next Monday night.

—An exchange tells of a woman who gave a "white elephant" party. Each guest was requested to bring something for which she had no further use, but which was too good to throw away. Eleven of the nineteen guests are said to have brought their husbands.

—St. Bonaventure's College, at Allegany, N. Y., is located on an oil belt. It was decided some time ago to drill a well on the college grounds, and the drilling was done. The paystreak was struck last week and the well is said to be producing 10 barrels a day.

—The executive committee of the McKean County Swedish Republican league met Thursday at Mt. Jewett. All of the six clubs in the county were represented. The committee passed resolutions endorsing John O. Sheatz for State treasurer, A. F. Bannon for county treasurer and E. R. Sherman for coroner, and decided to hold the annual meeting of the league in Kane on Dec. 27.

—"The Arrival of Kitty," a clean three-act comedy, will be presented at the Lyceum, next Monday night, Oct. 21. This piece has been on the road all season and not once has it received a single adverse criticism. It has been pronounced everywhere as the best comedy since the days of "Charley's Aunt," which was so popular a few years ago. It will be given here by the original cast.

Boiling It Down.

"I should like to manage this paper for about six months," said the new reporter of a country paper. "The present editor doesn't know his business."

"What's the matter?" he was asked.

"Why, last night I was told off to report a fire in Broad street, and I wrote it up in grand style, making a half column article of it. I began it in this way:

"'Suddenly on the still night air rang the shrill cry of fire, and at the same moment the little licking tongues of flame, whose light, playing along the roof's edge, caught the eye of the midnight watcher, leaped forth, no longer playful, but fierce and angry in their thirst and greed. Like glowing, snaky demons, the lurid links entwined the doomed building. In venomous hisses and spurts the flames shot into the overhanging darkness, while from every window and door poured forth a dense sulphurous smoke, the deadly suffocating breath of an imprisoned fiend.'

"I went on in that style for over half a column," said the new reporter, "and this is what appeared in the paper this morning:

"'A fire broke out in Broad street last night, but was quickly suppressed.' Do you call that journalism?"—London Standard.

Love and Wedlock.

A man of middle age and a youth of romantic appearance sat alone in a smoking compartment of a nearly empty evening train. In the solitude the youth took a photograph from his pocket, looked at it and then said to his companion feverishly:

"Were you ever, sir, in love?"

The man of middle age started. He laughed.

"Was I ever in love?" he repeated as he relighted his pipe. "Was I ever in love? Well, I don't know if"—

"You don't know?" cried the youth. "Well, if you ever had been in love you'd know it. Why, when you're in love your life is a sweet dream, you have no taste for food, you think of nothing but the beauty of"—

"Were you ever married?" snapped the middle aged man.

"No, but"—

"Well, if you ever had been you'd know it. Why, when you're married your life is"—

But the youth, with a scowl, edged off to the far end of the carriage, and got out at the next station, disgusted.—London Scraps.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billiousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Smelts Were Biting.

John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, third of that name, was very fond of fishing and not especially fond of his legal profession. One day, the story runs, a case in which he was counsel was down for trial in a Massachusetts court. Mr. Adams did not make his appearance, but sent a letter to the judge. That worthy gentleman read it and then postponed the case with the announcement:

"Mr. Adams is detained on important business."

It was afterward learned by a colleague of Adams that the letter read as follows:

"Dear Judge: For the sake of old Izaak Walton, please continue my case till Friday. The smelts are biting, and I can't leave."

The Owe-Sheridans.

Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan, the great Irishman, was all his life long in dire straits for money, and when he died in 1816 the bailiffs were actually in possession of his house. Sheridan's forbears had been O'Sheridans.

"Why," asked on one occasion his little son—"why have we not the O' as well as they?"

"Heaven only knows," was the father's reply. "We ought to have it, for we owe everybody."

Only One of a Kind.

"Why do you think he is such a remarkable man?"

"He's the only one I ever knew who had nerve enough to make the responses in the marriage service loud enough so that any one could hear him."—Chicago Post.

Her Selection.

Blanche—The most difficult thing is to make up one's mind what to take and what to leave behind. Henriette—Oh, I don't think so. I take all my frocks and leave my husband.—Rire.

Fault of a Woman's Watch.

Miss Hiborn—It seems to run very well for about a day and a half, and then it will not go at all. Watchmaker—Yes; it should be wound occasionally.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Correct.

Teacher—What became of the children of Agamemnon? Pupil (after mature deliberation)—I think they're dead by this time.

What It Proved.

Miss Youngthing—Boo-hoo-hoo! Charley's given me a ring set with a mean little turquoise. Her Mother—That's an emblem of constancy. Miss Youngthing—It isn't! It's proof of stinginess!

The talker sows; the listener reaps.—Italian Proverb.

L. K. Hogarth

We have New Designs in

Hand Painted

AND

Cut Glass

Our Glass is Hawkis Standard Ware suitable for acceptable wedding gifts. We pack ready for shipping free of charge.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

When you ask for the

BEST COUGH CURE

and do not get

Kemp's Balsam

You are not getting the best and will be disappointed. KEMP'S BALSAM costs no more than any other cough remedy, and you are entitled to the best when you ask for it.

Kemp's Balsam will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine, and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the Best Cough Cure. At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

Sattler's

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherwood's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year; or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per insertion, payable monthly. One cash position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for double insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 17, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. B. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

GEORGE WASHINGTON cut down a whole cherry tree and it made him famous. Vice President Fairbanks took just one cherry in his and it has blamed near made him infamous with some people. This is a queer old world.

DON'T be a stay-at-home November 5th. Show that your interest in the Republican party is as lively as ever by going to the polls on that day and casting your ballot for Sheatz, Bannon and Sherman. Make up your mind to vote early and see that your neighbor does the same.

A DISPACH from Middleton, N. J., Monday, says: One man was killed, five others will probably die and six or eight were badly injured today when 17 cars of a work train crashed through a trestle on the New Erie & Jersey railroad at Stony Ford, near here. The cars were loaded with dirt and stone and 20 Austrian laborers who were on the train went down with them to the bottom of the ravine, 90 feet below.

IT will probably be an item of news to most readers that a postmaster is not compelled to make change for you when you make purchases at Uncle Sam's office. This is a queer rule that not one in a thousand knows. Buyers of stamps or any other purchases at a postoffice must furnish their own change. The postmaster could insist on the buyer furnishing their own change if he chose to do it, but he usually is glad enough to get rid of his "pluchen feed" and is always ready to accommodate the public by making the change it asks for.

THE only men of worth to a town or community are those who forget their own selfish ends long enough and are liberal enough in their ideas to encourage every public and private enterprise, who are ever ready with brain and purse to push every project calculated to build up the town and enhance its importance. The enterprise and push of a town or a community is the foundation of its permanent success. A town may as well prepare for a funeral as to become indifferent to its future. Men who cannot see far enough before them to see that money placed judiciously in a public enterprise of their town to be a hundred fold in the appreciation of their property are to be pitied.—Exchange.

HON. A. F. BANNON has long been a prominent and active figure in the affairs of the Republican party. He has held responsible offices and has demonstrated his ability to serve the people honestly and intelligently. His acquaintance with the voters is extensive and knowing him as they do, the citizens of McKean county will need no urging to give him their hearty and loyal support on election day. He will get the Republican vote solidly and there will be many Democrats who will also vote for him. The Era has been making some inquiries and from all sections of the county the sentiment for Mr. Bannon is found to be strong and active. He possesses excellent qualifications for the office of county treasurer and no mistake will be made in electing him to that important position.—Bradford Era.

FONTANET, Ohio, was practically destroyed Tuesday morning by the explosion of the plant of the Dupont Powder Co. More than 600 persons were injured and the dead number between 25 and 60. Every building in the town was wholly or partially leveled to the ground. The busy and thriving town of 1,000 inhabitants is now ruin and scattered wreckage. Details of this disaster tell many terrible tales. Just what caused the first explosion does not seem to be known. Two others followed in quick succession and some time later the big magazine containing 40,000 kegs of powder blew up, wrecking the town and injuring a number of the rescuers who were working in the debris of the mills. The magazine was located several hundred yards from the mills but the heat from the burning structures was sufficient to cause this great explosion which was felt two hundred miles from the scene.

Cassie Chadwick Dead.

Mrs. Cassie Chadwick died in the woman's ward at the Ohio penitentiary Thursday night at 10:15 o'clock. She had been in a comatose condition for some hours previous to her death, and the end came peacefully. No friends or relatives waited at her bedside, only the prison physicians and hospital attendants. Her son, Emil Hoover, was summoned from Cleveland. "I am glad that the end is near," she murmured as she gained consciousness for a moment just before sinking into her eternal sleep.

Considerable of her life has been made public. Most of that has been accepted as the truth concerning her has never been absolutely established. She was a woman of mystery to the end.

Mrs. Chadwick, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Bigley, was born in Woodstock, Canada. She first came into public notice in Toledo, O., about 20 years ago, where she told fortunes under the name of Mme. De Vere. While there she forged the name of Richard Brown of Youngstown, O., and was sentenced to the penitentiary at Columbus for nine years.

She served but a portion of this sentence and then settled in Cleveland, where she married a man named Hoover. Her second husband was Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick of Cleveland, a man of good family and high standing in his profession.

In the latter part of 1902, or early in 1903, Mrs. Chadwick in the presence of her husband, gave Ira Reynolds, the cashier of the Wade Park Bank of Cleveland, a box containing notes signed with the name of Andrew Carnegie. These forged notes are alleged to have amounted to $7,500,000. Reynolds gave a receipt for the papers in the box which described the notes and signatures upon them. Mrs. Chadwick left with Reynolds as an explanation of the notes the statement that she was a natural daughter of Carnegie.

With the receipts of Reynolds in her possession, Mrs. Chadwick went to different banks and many capitalists, making loans and paying not only high interest to the banks, but heavy bonuses to bank officials who loaned her the money. The extent of these transactions will never be fully known, but they ran up into the millions. They involved men of high standing in the financial world and caused heavy losses to many banks.

In November, 1904, she was sued by a man named Newton, of Brookline, Mass., from whom she had borrowed a large amount. Other creditors came down upon her and soon she was arrested by the Federal authorities on the charge of conspiring with Charles Beckwith, president, and A. B. Spear, cashier of a national bank at Oberlin, O., which had been substantially looted. Mrs. Chadwick had obtained from this institution such large sums that it was compelled to close its doors, causing heavy losses to the depositors and ruining many of them.

Mrs. Chadwick, Beckwith and Spear were indicted for a variety of offenses against the national banking laws. Beckwith died before coming to trial. Spear pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary and is now in prison at Columbus, O.

Mrs. Chadwick was brought to trial on March 6, 1905, was found guilty of conspiracy to defraud a national bank and was sentenced to 10 years in the penitentiary.

Her health, which was not good at the time of the trial, failed steadily after its conclusion. Mrs. Chadwick leaves one son, Emile Hoover, born of her first marriage. He is about 26 years old.

Prohibition Column.

S. M. LOVE

Was born in Mercer county, Pa., 54 years ago. He attended the same seminary in Poland, Ohio, where President McKinley was educated. Mr. Love is a graduate of Mt. Union College, Ohio.

He has been a resident of McKean county 29 years, and for the last 20 years he has successfully conducted a business at Bixford, Pa. From 1903 to 1906 he served as jury commissioner giving splendid satisfaction. No man in the county is more highly esteemed than S. M. Love, and no doubt his vote next November will show how his neighbors regard him.

S. M. Love for County Treasurer.
M. H. Stevenson for State Treasurer.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this sample trial. Sold by All Dealers.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a member of the Bar of the State of Minnesota, admitted to practice in all Courts organized under the authority of the said State, that he will apply to the State Board of Law Examiners for examination at its next regularly appointed sitting, for admission to practice as an attorney before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD,
40 46 Kane, Pa.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick. Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Plate Glass Plant Started.

The base plant of the American Window Glass Company which was recently completed at James City, near Kane started operations Wednesday morning with remarkable results. The machinery was started at one-third capacity, which will be increased to two-thirds in about two weeks and two weeks later they expect to have all completed so as to run at full capacity 1,200 square feet per day.

The first casting was a remarkable record, the first 8 pots were cast without a mishap and the work went on as though they had been blowing glass for a year. The plant when running full capacity will employ 308 men, most of whom will be required to operate machinery as the whole plant is constructed on the touch the button order.—Kane Leader.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 12, 1907:

Miss Carry Andrews, Allen H. Davis, Mrs. H. B. Oviatt, A. W. Scott, Miss Margaret Sloan.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

Wanted—Young girl in private family to care for child and attend school. Address, Box 98, Smethport.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extra line of picture frames and mouldings.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

Cleanse Your System
The first natural laxative introduced to the American people is

HUN-E-LAX
THE BOWEL BON BON
"PURE AS HONEY"

HUN-E-LAX—the little Bee-hive-shaped Bowel Bon Bon cleanses the bowel passages with natural sweetness and helps every organ to help itself to health.

Ask your druggist for HUN-E-LAX and be sure you get the little Bee-hive-shaped Bowel Bon Bon. Take no other. (1)

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists.

Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

New Millinery.

We are now showing all the latest and most stylish trimmed hats for ladies and children. A new assortment of beautiful waists and tailored skirts for Fall wear. The most up-to-date line of coats and furs for ladies. Novelties of all kinds.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

Photo Fancies.
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" BLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY
IN THE
Grange National Bank
of McKean County,
at SMETHPORT.

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

There are
MANTLES
and
MANTLES
But when you buy a
WELSBACH
MANTLE
you are getting the best quality possible all prices from 15c to 35c each.

Try the Welbach and you will use no other

For sale by
EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall for men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once. We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

The Best Oil doesn't come from a tank wagon.
Exposure and much handling spoils it.
Family Favorite Oil The Best for Illuminating.
Is a clear, colorless, odorless oil that is served by your dealer to you directly from the original barrel.
Just like buying from the refinery. Safe and burns out dry to the last drop.
Will not smoke chimneys or char wicks.
Speak to your dealer about it.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS
Oils for All Purposes. Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA. Booklet sent Free

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co. Store News.

It Is Time To Put On Heavier Underwear.



We are Smethport Agents

—for—

THE PERFECT FITTING POPULAR PRICED

Muncing Underwear,

For MEN and WOMEN.



We are prepared to please people of the most exacting taste and fit every figure. We heartily recommend MUNCING to all. You well know of the great advance in all kinds of merchandise in the past year and you will undoubtedly expect to pay more for your underwear this season. (Not the case if you supply your wants here).

Ladies' Fleeced Lined Vests and Pants, Sizes 4, 5, and 6, and extra good garment 25c

Ladies' Fleeced Lined Vests and Pants, out sizes, 7, 8 and 9..... 30c

Ladies' Heavy Fleeced Vests and Pants, Vests Double Chest and Back..... 50c

Ladies' Wool cream and natural $1.00

Ladies' Union Suits at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $3.00 a Suit.

Men's Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, a good heavy garment..... 50c

Men's Wool Shirt and Drawers, a garment ..... $1 & 2

Men's Union Suits, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 a Suit.

Outings and Fleeced Waistings at from 7c to 12c a yd.

Fancy and Plaid Silks in waist pattern lengths. Some of the newest patterns and a large assortment to choose from. Priced from..... 75cts to $1.50 per yard.

At the Hosiery Counter.

Fleeced Hose for Ladies..... 15 & 25c
Fleeced Hose for Misses and Children..... 15 & 25c
A special Black Cotton Hose for Ladies..... at 10c
Bear Skin Hose for Boys and Girls..... at 15c a pair.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY.

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guarauteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 17, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Argument court this week.

—Election day, Nov. 5. Don't fail to vote.

—"The Arrival of Kitty," at the Lyceum next Monday night.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark of East Main street, on Monday, a girl.

—Don't fail to read H. C. Wells' new ad in to-day's issue. It will interest you.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Bradford, on Thursday last, a daughter. Mrs. Grabe was formerly Miss Vesta Usher of Smethport.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ward Raymer of Austin are rejoicing over the birth of a boy baby. The happy arrival occurred at the home of Lewis Raymer, Smethport, yesterday afternoon.

—It is most timely to address, as Monheimer does in his ad on this page, a few words to out-of-town buyers. The home merchant should certainly deserve your first consideration.

—Rev. W. A. Harris has been returned to the Smethport charge by the Methodist conference which has been in session in Buffalo. This is welcome news to the Rev. Harris' congregation and to his many friends in general.

—The fires were lighted in the Smethport Window Glass company's plant Tuesday. It is said that if present conditions in the glass business remain the same the resin will be signed and glass making commenced in about two weeks.

—Winfield Stark, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wash Stark of Green street, fell from a chestnut tree last Thursday afternoon and sustained two fractures of his left arm, one above and one below the elbow. The boy is getting along as well as possible.

—Newspaper reports say that the Erie shops are liable to be removed from Meadville. This will be a severe blow to the business interests of that town if the removal takes place as it is estimated that over 100 families would follow the shops to a new location.

—An operation performed on Mrs. E. B. Chase's eyes has been unsuccessful and small hopes are entertained for the recovery of her sight. She returned home from Buffalo Wednesday night. Her many friends sincerely regret her deep affliction.—Eldred Eagle.

—Louis Dickenson, whose illness was reported last week, was taken to the General hospital in Buffalo yesterday morning, where he will undergo an operation for the removal of an abcess. The patient was accompanied by his father, C. W. Dickenson, and Dr. Hamilton of Smethport.

—Sheriff Mitchell, accompanied by Policeman Faust of Bradford as deputy, departed for the Western penitentiary at Allegheny, yesterday morning, having in charge Oscar Sunburg, Henry Moss and Augustine Frauk, who were sentenced to terms in that prison, at criminal court last week.

—Norman Lee Swartout's amusing comedy success, "The Arrival of Kitty," will be presented at the Lyceum, Monday evening, Oct. 21. Manager Clark feels confident that his patrons will thoroughly enjoy the presentation as the comedy has scored an immense success in every city in which it has been seen this season.

—Early yesterday morning as Robert Milne, a pumper employed near Dorrick City, lighted a fire under the boiler on the lease which he was working, a terrific explosion occurred. Milne was hurled to the ground but received no injuries. It is thought some miscreant placed dynamite or nitro-glycerine underneath the boiler to wreck the property.

—There will be no more birds in Elk county this year after the crowd that left Monday morning for camp gets through shooting. Among those who hied themselves to the tall timbers we noticed Thad Evans, Sherm Evans, Alf Evans, B. F. McConnell, Denny Davis and S. D. Weaver of Smethport. From what we saw in the luggage they will not perish from hunger.—Kane Republican.

—Two of the ministers of the Methodist church in the Olean district, J. B. Arnold, who has been pastor at Duke Center, Pa., and J. R. Wells, who has been pastor at Bolivar, were permitted to withdraw from the church and the ministry during the business sessions of the Genesee annual conference at Buffalo last Friday. Both were under charges for immoral conduct, say newspaper reports.

—Members of the K. O. T. M. and various other lodges who have ridden the goat and put other new members through initiatory stunts will be interested in the news that Oscar O. Thompson of Hopewell, N. Y., has obtained a judgment in court against the Supreme Tent, the jury finding in favor of the plaintiff, awarding him $2,900, which together with the costs will cost the order $4,500.

—Course tickets for the institute entertainments will be put on sale Saturday of this week in all the local drug stores. The price, if you purchase before 10 p. m., Oct. 26, is $1.50. After that time they will sell for $2.00. As the single admissions aggregate $3.75, it is clear that Supt. Bayle is extremely liberal in the price fixed for course tickets, and the people of Smethport should respond accordingly.

—The body found on the Pennsylvania railroad track last Thursday morning, of which brief mention was made in the MINER, was identified as the remains of William Stewart, who had been employed as a teamster and laborer in various parts of the county for a number of years past, and was quite well known. He was aged about 50 years. The remains were buried at the county farm. The body was found near Clermont, the man having been struck by a train Wednesday night and nearly cut in two.

—At St. Luke's church on Friday, Oct. 18th, St. Luke's Day, there will be services at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—There is a marked improvement in the lighting of Smethport's streets since Street Commissioner Eagan commenced repairing the lamps.

—The many friends of Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane are pleased to hear that he is able to be out again after a seige of typhoid fever.

—A new man has been appointed as superintendant of the Mt. Jewett, Kushequa & Ritersville railway—known as the Kushequa Route. The man now in charge is George W. Johnson.—Bradford Era.

—George B. Carter, nominated by the Republicans of Olean for mayor, has declined to run. The Independent Republicans of the city have named W. H. Mandeville for the head of the city government. Mr. Carter withdraws in favor of Mr. Mandeville.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Burg Chadwick is visiting friends in Buffalo.

Miss Bertha Kerns of Bradford passed Sunday in town.

Miss Pearl Green of Olean is visiting friends in town.

Sheriff Geo. W. Mitchell was a Bradford visitor Monday.

O. B. Corwin was in Bradford the first part of the week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany were in town Tuesday.

E. A. Stelly of Akron N. Y. is in town this week in the interests of the N. P. L.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Holden of Port Allegany visited friends in town, this week.

Miss Margaret Blake of Eldred was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus over Sunday.

John Blake of Eldred was a guest of his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus, during the week.

Mrs. L. D. Gifford and Mrs. S. S. Fry drove to Port Allegany Saturday and returned home Sunday.

Mrs. E. P. Slattery and daughter, Sarah, of Denver, Colo., are guests of Mrs. Slattery's brother, M. B. Greer, and family.

Misses Honor and Elisabeth Walsh and W. P. Walsh were called to Cygnet, Ohio, Saturday last by the death of their mother.

Allen Park returned from Kane yesterday, where he was undergoing treatment in the hospital. His condition is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sisse and daughters, Marie and Maxine, departed for Baltimore, Md., Monday last where they will visit relatives and friends.

Mrs. Workley of Kuylerville, N. Y., mother of E. W. Workley of East King street, has returned to her home after an extended visit in Smethport.

Hon. James A. McKean was in Bradford last night to help welcome his warm friend and fellow Member of Assembly, John O. Sheatz, our next State treasurer.

Miss Myra Corwin, who has been visiting her parents on East Main street departed Monday morning for Smethport to resume her duties as teacher in the East Smethport schools.—Bradford Era.

District Grand Chancellor, E. A. Barden and G. E. Smith, of the local K. of P. lodge, were in Smethport this week. Mr. Barden is endeavoring to establish a lodge of the order at the county seat.—Eldred Eagle.

Rev. J. H. McCandless and Dr. H. L. McCoy visited Pittsburg last week. Upon their return Friday they were accompanied by the former's brother, George McCandless. They made the round trip in Rev. McCandless' touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lindholm and Mrs. C. J. Vanblad and daughter, Sarah, have returned from their summer sojourn in Sweden. The tourists visited their old homes and various other points of interest in that country and have had a memorable outing. They made the return trip across the Atlantic on the new ocean greyhound, Lusitania, which broke all records during the trip, making the journey in some minutes less than 4 days and 20 hours.

THE LYCEUM

MONDAY, OCT. 21.

"THE BEST COMEDY SINCE 'CHARLIE'S AUNT.'"

C. S. WILLIAMS OFFERS

The Great Laughing Success

"The Arrival of Kitty."

By NORMAN LEE SWARTOUT.

Presented by a Selected Company of Metropolitan Favorites

PRICES 25, 35, 50 and 75cts.

Seats now on sale at Wells' Pharmacy.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

Out-of-Town Buyers

seldom, if ever, take the trouble to find out what the home merchant offers. They simply THINK they can buy better and cheaper elsewhere. But can they? Why not find out, first, what WE offer? Try it—'tis no harm done—if we can't suit you 'tis time to go elsewhere. The newest and best in SUITS and OVERCOATS at from $7.50 to $20.00, and

BOYS' SUITS

plain or Knicker-bocker pants at from $3.00 to $6.50 are here awaiting your call.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

WARM UNDERWEAR.

Time to put on heavier underclothing now. Constantly changing temperature makes warm underwear a necessity for the preservation of good health.

This store is equipped to meet your requirements in heavy, light and medium weights in Separate garments and Union suits. The Union Suit is increasing in popularity right along. If you have not worn this style of underwear we would suggest that you give them a trial—you'll be surprised with the result in additional comfort—Here is a suggestion of what we have—We cannot in this space give you a complete list of our stocks—Come and look them over.

Men's Union Suits,	Blue,	Cotton Fleeced — per suit	$1.50
" "	Gray,	Cotton and Wool " "	2.00
" "	"	Fine All Wool " "	3.75
" "	Shirts and Drawers,	Cotton Fleeced, per garment	50c
" "	"	Gray, three-quarters wool	1.00
" "	"	Camels Hair all wool	1.50
" "	"	Gray, medium weight wool	1.50
Women's Union Suits, Gray or White, per suit			50c to 2.75
" "	Vests and Pants, Gray, Cream or White per garment		25c to 1.25
Misses' Union Suits, Gray			85c to 1.00
Boys' " "			1.00
Boys & Girls Vests and Pants and Drawers, Gray and Cream			15c to 1.00

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT — PENN'A.



Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent. and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

We are Local Dealers for the Renowned

REMTICO

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

Manufactured by the

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)



Remtico Paragon Ribbons—in all colors and for all makes of typewriters.

Remtico Paragon, Red Seal and Billing Carbons—of different weights suited for all classes of work.

All Remtico Typewriter Supplies are known as the Highest Grade Goods Manufactured.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

Hiram Perkins' Cure.

By F. A. Mitchel.

Copyright, 1907, by F. A. Mitchel.

THERE are two pictures extant of Timothy Portley, the one in which he stands among a group of pucking house employees in high boots, trousers and woolen shirt, the other in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, his natural florid complexion subdued by the artist. The first was Tim Portley, butcher. The second is Timothy Portley, multimillionaire. He would give a thousand dollars for each of the group pictures to burn them.

Portley lived most of the year in his country place twenty miles from the city. Time was when he hadn't a nickel to take him, tired and hungry, home from his work in the evening. Now there are express trains running



DAISY WAS KNOCKED TO A DISTANCE OF TWENTY FEET.

past his place to the city, but they are not good enough, certainly not fast enough, for him. He has his own automobile, capable of making a mile a minute, and it has often taken him from his house to his office in half an hour.

The Arlington turnpike furnished a direct line between Mr. Portley's house and his office, and on that pike is a straight piece of road over which he gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty miles an hour. At a quarter past 10 every week day morning and a quarter past 4 in the evening, the hours of Mr. Portley's passage, the farmers living on this stretch of road were obliged to stop work to see that there were no children or stock in the way. Amos Green lost a horse and Joseph Briggs a cow. In both these cases Mr. Portley sat in his car, was handed a check book by his secretary, filled out checks for double the amount claimed by the owners of the stock, tossed them at the farmers, and as the papers fluttered to the ground to be picked up by the payees the prayer dashed away.

The next thing to fall under Mr. Portley's juggernaut was something that could not be paid for in money. Daisy Burton, fourteen years old, was crossing the road when she heard the squawk of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but, seeing the automobile turning in the same direction, started again to cross. The automobile changed its course at the same time. It had slowed down, but could not be stopped in time to prevent a collision. Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet, where she lay in a heap. Mr. Portley took in the situation and ordered his chauffeur to drive on. A cloud of dust marked his going, and a crowd of indignant countrymen, among whom stood the father of the child, shaking his fist at the retreating autolmobilist, marked the scene of the accident.

Hiram Perkins, a middle aged, weather beaten farmer, whose skin hung loose in grooves on his face and neck, lived on the next farm to the Burtons. The only thing in the world he loved was Daisy. From the time she could toddle across the fields between his and her father's house he had made a pet of her. While her father was shaking his fist at Portley Perkins picked up the girl, covered with dust and blood, and carried her into her home. There he bent over her and groaned. When she opened her eyes and looked at him with a faint attempt at a smile he dashed out of the house, mounted a horse and galloped away for a doctor.

The only inconvenience it occasioned Mr. Portley was having to take the train every morning to the city instead of his automobile. He dared not go over the Arlington pike till the damage had been paid, and there was no other direct road to town. Farmer Burton did not come at once to a frame of mind to accept money for the injury to his child, and it was some time before the matter was settled.

Meanwhile the farmers living on the pike discussed the situation. Daisy would be crippled for life. Must they continue to risk the same misfortune or worse for their children? There was a state law regulating the speed of automobiles, but there was no one whose duty it was to enforce it, nor was there any hope of its being enforced.

While the others talked there was one man who thought. Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again. But how was he to prevent it? By means of the law? Portley's pocketbook was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the road and mask it? That would be murder. One day Hiram read an advertisement of the sale of government condemned goods. This gave him an idea, and his idea grew to a plan.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning after Farmer Burton had signed an instrument acknowledging full indemnity for the injury done his daughter and had received his check Mr. Portley's automobile came down the road at its accustomed speed. As it approached Hiram Perkins' farm Mr. Portley heard a crackling noise and saw smoke ahead.

"What's that?" he asked of his chauffeur.

"Looks as if soldiers were firing across the road," replied the chauffeur, slowing up.

At reduced speed they approached the firing. It was on Hiram Perkins' ground. He had mounted a rapid fire gun of an obsolete pattern on a pile of stones four feet from the ground, with its muzzle pointed at a target set up across the road. Hiram was lazily turning the crank.

"Hoy, you old fool! Are you crazy?" yelled Mr. Portley.

Hiram ceased turning his crank and looked at the automobilist.

"Why, no; I reckon not," he replied. "I'm only shootin' at a mark."

"Go on, Pete," said Mr. Portley to his chauffeur.

The automobile gave a few preliminary puffs, and Perkins began again to turn his crank, sending a storm of bullets across the road. The chauffeur shut off in a hurry.

"What do you mean," roared Portley, "by monopolizing the road in that fashion?"

"Who's monopolizin' the road?" asked Hiram, ceasing to turn the crank.

"You, firing that thing across it."

"I'm shootin' at a mark peaceable. I own twenty acres on this side and eighty on the other side. Reckon I've got a right to do what I please on my own property."

"You haven't a right to obstruct the road."

"I ain't touchin' the road."

Portley was puzzled, but only for a moment. He was sure of the farmer's motive.

"How much do you want to stop your practicing when I want to pass your farm?"

There was a world of calm intensity in Hiram's tone and manner as he replied:

"You hain't got money enough to stop my practicin' at any time."

Mr. Portley refrained from further argument. He felt sure that if he couldn't buy his way from the farmer he could buy it through a lawyer. He gave orders to his chauffeur to turn and hurried back in no good humor to take another road, doubling the distance to the city. On reaching it he went straight to his lawyer's office, told how Hiram Perkins was monopolizing the highways and asked how he should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer, "to prevent a man firing on his own property, even if the highway runs through it."

"What! No law to keep him from shooting me as I pass his farm?"

"If he shoots you intentionally, it's murder. If unintentionally, you have an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm dead!" exclaimed Mr. Portley, in his irritation dropping into the double negative of his earlier years.

"The only way I see out of it," the lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am satisfied is a bluff with a bluff. When you come to this man's farm again go right on very slowly. He won't dare kill you."

"If any man can bluff Tim Portley," said the multimillionaire, rising, with a scowl and a firmly set jaw, "he's welcome to do so."

When Portley returned in the afternoon on his accustomed route, approaching Perkins' farm he again heard the rattle of rapid fire. He ordered his chauffeur to slow down and when within a hundred feet of the line of fire to creep. Hiram was turning the crank of his gun.

"If you kill me," cried Portley, "you'll be hanged for murder."

"I hain't a-tryin' to kill nobody. The law don't hold me responsible for them as commits suicide by runnin' up ag'in a gun a man's practicin' at a mark with."

The machine crept on. Hiram pulled his broad brimmed hat over the eye nearest the comer so as to obstruct his view toward the automobile and went on turning. When it crept into view he turned his back so that he couldn't see. The automobile came to within a few yards of the passing bullets and stopped.

"Go on!" roared Portley to his chauffeur.

The chauffeur climbed over to the back seat, leaving the wheel for his employer. Portley took it and moved



PORTLEY BACKED HIS MACHINE.

to within a few feet of the dead line. Hiram was looking away from him at an angle of 90 degrees. A shot a trifle out of line whistled ominously near Portley's nose. It was the will of a multimillionaire against a simple farmer. The farmer won. Portley backed his machine, turned about and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Hiram looked after him. There was the same quiescence in his outward appearance, but a close observer would have noticed a light in his eye and a slightly quicker breathing.

"Perkins' method," as it was called, spread among the farmers, and wherever a man owned property on both sides of the road he stationed himself before his house with a weapon, some with repeating rifles, some with revolvers, and one ingenious farmer constructed a catapult to throw stones at the rate of one every five seconds. Notices were put up along the road that ten miles an hour was the limit of speed allowed. All automobiles running faster were sure to find some farmer who, apparently realizing that Uncle Sam needed to produce a nation of marksmen, had set up a target across the road and was sure to be practicing when the biggest and fastest machine passed. Some automobilists drove faster than ever, slowing up at the danger point, but they were reported by the farmers to those doing the practicing and on the next trip were obliged to turn back, losing the right to use the road altogether. No law was violated; no automobilist was injured. Persons driving their machines on the road at a moderate rate never heard or saw any firing, and many of them wondered while passing Perkins' farm to what use he could possibly put the old rapid fire gun.

Daisy Burton will limp all her life and will find it hard if she has to make her own living. There are those among the farmers' wives—women can see further ahead in such matters than men—who declare that the day will come when she will have a strong, level headed husband to work for her in Hiram Perkins.



"HEY, YOU OLD FOOL, ARE YOU CRAZY?" ASKED MR. PORTLEY.

What He Needed.

Employed in one of the largest iron foundries in Baltimore there is a man who has a wooden leg. None of his fellow workers, however, knew of this until recently, so perfectly did the artificial support take the place of the missing member.

One day not very long ago something happened to the belting in the machine shop. Being an expert mechanic, this man was sent to repair the break. He climbed up a high ladder with as much grace and agility as could any man with two perfectly sound legs. But while busily engaged on the belting the ladder slipped from under him, and, with a crash, man and ladder landed in a heap on the floor.

The man's head struck against a piece of machinery, and he was rendered unconscious. Some one telephoned for a doctor. Before the physician arrived the injured workman regained consciousness. He did not make any attempt to get up, however, but simply lay on the floor with one of his legs doubled up under him.

Then the physician came and made a hasty examination. He pulled the bent limb from under the man, straightened it out, took one long look and, turning to those gathered round, said gravely:

"This is no case for me, gentlemen. What this man needs is not a doctor, but a carpenter!"—Baltimore News.

Trouble Ahead.

"Then your husband won't give up his club?" queried the friend.

"No," replied the patient young wife, "and I don't propose to give up mine."

"Yours? Why, I didn't know you had one."

"Neither does he, but the next time he comes home late from his I'll be on hand with mine."—Catholic Standard and Times.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night usually relieves backache. 30 days' treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

MARSHALL IN DEFEAT

The Vote That Beat Him When He Ran For Congress.

AMERICA'S GREATEST JURIST

The Famous Chief Justice Was a Great Lawyer With a Short Political Career — Washington's Snub and Subsequent Frank Apology.

Judge Marshall was not only a great lawyer, but he was a fighter and militant to the last degree. Some insight into his character may be gained from his letters, one of which, dated March 27, 1794, is in the possession of his granddaughters. It was addressed to Archibald Stuart, a lawyer of Staunton, Va., and a friend of Marshall. The second war with England, which did not actively begin until 1812, was already brewing, and it was no small tribute to Marshall's prescience that he was able to detect trouble so far in advance.

"Seriously," he wrote, "there appears to me every day to be more folly, envy, malice and animosity, passim in the world than there was the day before, and I do verily begin to think that plain, downright honesty and unintriguing integrity will be kicked out of doors. We fear and not without reason a war. The man does not live who wishes for peace more than I do, but the outrages committed upon us are beyond human bearing."

The chief justice, like General Washington, was an aristocrat by birth and breeding, and he kept a retinue of colored servants, who were housed in a long, rectangular brick building which is still standing at the rear of the Marshall home. Jim Actor was a character, but his position with the Marshall family was eclipsed by that of Robin Spudlock, the chief justice's body servant, who wore livery and long, fine stockings of brilliant color and traveled around with his master. His appearance was so unique that once in Philadelphia, when he was walking alone with an air of considerable importance a mob gathered and threatened him with violence, as a black and liveried valet was quite unusual in those parts. No more faithful body servant ever lived, however, and the chief justice included in his will a bequest for his trusty valet, who was to have a room in the servants' building on Marshall street all his life and a woman to wait on him when he should become old and feeble.

Once John Marshall was induced to undertake a political career, and it proved the most bitter experience of his life. In 1798, the year before General Washington died, he summoned Marshall to Mount Vernon. Washington knew Marshall not only as a man of wonderful ability, but also as a Federalist in politics. Washington was anxious to strengthen the Federalist party in congress, and his purpose in inviting Marshall to Mount Vernon was to ask him to run for the house of representatives as the Federalist candidate from the Richmond district. Marshall was opposed to the idea, and they argued the proposition until late at night without either bending his strong will to the other. At last Washington, with considerable heat, abruptly bade Marshall good night. At sunrise the next morning Marshall arose, intending to make his way to the Mount Vernon stables and ride off, trusting to time to heal the breach. Out in the gardens he met General Washington, who had divined his purpose. The general begged his pardon for treating him so abruptly the night before and smilingly asked him what he was going to do.

"Go?" said Marshall. "Why, sir, I'm going to congress."

He returned to Richmond and began his canvass. The Republicans (now the Democrats) nominated John Clopton on a state rights platform. In those days the formality of voting was quite different from the latter day procedure. A citizen would walk up to the election sheriff in full view and hearing of everybody, shake hands with him and say:

"I vote for John Marshall" or "I vote for John Clopton," as the case might be. There were two persons in Richmond in whom the people had great confidence. They were Parson Blair and Parson Buchanan. Neither had been in the habit of voting or taking any part in politics, but Parson Blair, who was a stanch friend of Marshall, persuaded Parson Buchanan to go to the polls with him, assuming, as a matter of course, that his fellow parson agreed with him as to choice of candidates. Parson Blair cast his vote for Marshall. Then Parson Buchanan stepped up, saluted the sheriff and said:

"I vote for John Clopton."

There was a numerous family here then whose surname was Enroughty. Just as Parson Buchanan pronounced Clopton his choice a large delegation of the Enroughtys put in their appearance.

"What is good for the parson is good for us," they declared, and all of them voted for Clopton. This elected Clopton and defeated Marshall. The two persons were never very good friends after that.—Richmond (Va.) Cor. Indianapolis Star.

Audience Ready to Help.

At a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" in Belgrade theater the pistol with which Don Carlos should have shot the Marquis de Posa refused to go off and the discomfited actors fled behind the curtain. Offers of loaded weapons were at once made by several members of the audience.—London Express.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EARLY RISING.

It Is Not Good For Those Who Have to Work Hard All Day.

There is no adequate support for the impression that the early morning hours are in any way more wholesome or healthy than later periods of the day. Except in summer time, they are apt to be damp, foggy, chilly and among the least desirable hours of daylight. It is quite true that during the summer there is a sense of exhilaration about being abroad in these early morning hours, but this evaporates with the dew and is apt to be succeeded by a corresponding depression and loss of working power later in the day. I have been observing my friends and patients for the past twenty years in this respect and am inclined to the opinion that not a little of the depression and nervousness which so commonly develop in hot weather is due to excessive exposure to light, from habits of early rising, inherited from agricultural ancestors, not counterbalanced by three to four hours' rest in darkened rooms in the middle of the day.

Secondly, that the exhilaration experienced during the early morning hours is an expensive luxury, which has to be paid for later in the day. In fact, I have found that, as a general rule, to put it very roughly, the business or professional man who rises an hour before 7:30 or 8 o'clock goes to bed or loses his working power an hour and a half earlier in the evening. Each individual has in the beginning of his day about so much working power stored up in his brain and muscle cells. If he uses this up with great rapidity in the early morning hours he naturally exhausts his stock the sooner in the afternoon or evening.

It is largely a matter of when a man wishes to be at his best. If his occupation is of such a character that he can clear off the brunt of his work in the early morning hours, then let him rise early. If, on the other hand, he requires full vigor and readiness of mind and body in the latter part of the day or at night, then he must rise later to get it. Even in pure muscle work it is false economy to work too long hours.—American Magazine.

AN INGRATE SOLDIER.

His Cowardly Action Was the Making of a Nobleman.

Here is a story of the battlefield. There was war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten and driven from the field. A soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink from a flask, all at once he heard some one say:

"Oh, sir, give me a drink; for I am dying!"

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt down by the side of his fallen foe and pressed the flask to his lips. "Drink," said he, "for thy need is greater than mine."

Hardly had he spoken these words when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket and shot at the man who would have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder, but did not do him much harm.

"Ah, you rascal!" he cried. "I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. Now I will punish you. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half." And with that he drank the half of it and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the king of the Danes heard about this he sent for the soldier and had him tell the story just as it was.

"Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he had tried to kill you?" asked the king.

"Because, sir," said the soldier, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Then you deserve to be a noble man," said the king. And he rewarded him by making him a knight and giving him a noble title.—Famous Stories Retold.

Needless Ceremony.

Peter had been hastily bidden to Bobby Hunt's party, and his mother was "rounding him up" in front of the washstand.

"Oh, mother," he said, "do I have to have a whole bath?"

"Certainly."

Peter mumbled something, and his mother asked him what it was.

"I said were you sure it wasn't just your idea," replied Peter. "I'm certain I heard Bobby's mother tell you over the telephone that the party was very informal."—Youth's Companion.

He Knew Them.

Once at an important function at Marlborough House Sir Francis Knollys came up to the Prince of Wales and remarked: "Some gentlemen of the press wish admission, your royal highness."

"Oh," said the prince, "show them in. If they don't come in at the door they'll come in at the ventilator."

In Harness.

"It must be fun," suggested the friend, "to daily daily with these shafts of wit."

"Not when you're hitched between 'em," responded the press humorist, with a sickly smile.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Last Word.

Dyer—I don't object to my wife having the last word.

Enpec—I wouldn't if mine would cut out some of those before it.—Smart Set.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.—Drummond.

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Answering The Call.

By Dorothy Glenn.

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Forsythe scowled out into the black night. The southbound express was already overdue. As soon as the long train of coaches had thundered past he could close up and go home.

"Going home" meant a dash across the sodden field to where he had pitched his tent for the summer. Jack Bailey, the regular operator at Haddon Junction, owned a tiny house, one of the four that constituted the settlement about the place, but Howard Forsythe preferred the tent for the summer, and so the house was shut up.

Hard work had kept Howard Forsythe in bad health all winter, and the physician had advised camping. He had pleaded the necessity for earning sufficient money to enable him to complete his senior year at college, and so the doctor had suggested Haddon Junction. Bailey was to be married and was going out west on his honeymoon. He expected to be gone all summer and was glad to have a man to take his place who would be willing to give it up in the fall.

Matters were arranged between Bailey and the train dispatcher, and ever since the college year had closed Howard Forsythe had reported the trains on the main line and the little twenty-five mile spur that gave the junction its name.

There were dreary times between, and Howard spent a part of his leisure in talking to Lottie Bayliss, the agent up in Green River, the first stop on the branch line. Lottie was a cousin of Mrs. Fyce, who lived at the junction, and it was her custom to run down on her bicycle after her office was closed as soon as the 6:27 had gone up.

She found the station more interesting than her cousin, and before the middle of August she was wearing the ring that Howard had ordered from town. They were not to be married



"I DID NOT TELEGRAPH FOR MR. FORSYTHE."

until Howard had graduated, but the thought was an incentive to the man, and the days sped all too rapidly until the inevitable lovers' quarrel.

That had occurred three days before and Lottie had not been down to the junction since. It was for that reason rather than because of the belated train that Howard scowled into the darkness as he looked down the track.

At last the headlight gleamed faintly through the deluge, growing brighter, until with a roar the train swept past. Howard reported the train to the dispatcher's office and prepared to close the station. He was just slipping into his raincoat when the instrument on the Hampton line began to click out his call, and without waiting for a reply went on.

"I am alone in the station and robbers are trying to blow open the safe. I am tied to a chair and cannot escape. Come to my assistance."

Howard groaned. It was eight miles to Green River, and through the pelting storm he could not make it in less than twenty minutes. Perhaps he would be too late.

He ran to the shed where the track bicycle was stored and ran it out upon the rails. There was no use to carry the raincoat. He threw it in the shed, together with his coat and vest, and, making sure that his revolver was in his pocket, he stepped into the seat. It was up grade all the way to Green River, but the tracks were wet enough to hold the wheels, and Howard bent to his work. He had gained in health since he had come to the junction, and no freshman working to make the eight had ever bent his back to his work as did Howard Forsythe speeding to the rescue of the girl he loved.

He was drenched to the skin, and the driving rain nearly blinded him, but he fought his way between the teeth of the half gale that was blowing, and at last the lights of Green River came into sight and encouraged him to make a final spurt. With a rush he drew into the station and sprang from the bicycle. The station was dark and apparently deserted.

As quietly as he could Howard crept about the platform, peering into the windows. He could see no sign of life, and at last he sought to force the doors in the belief that the robbery must have been accomplished. He was still working upon the lock when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Got ye!" was the triumphant exclamation. "Stole a track velocipede, did ye? Goin' to rob all the stations in the rain? Well, there's one constable that knows his duty."

"Are you the constable?" demanded Howard. The other flashed his star with a gesture of pride, and Howard went on:

"I am the operator from the junction. I had a message from Miss Bayliss. She telegraphed that she was in trouble, and I came to her assistance."

"I guess Lottie Bayliss don't have to call on the Junction for no help while I'm here," was the rejoinder. "Lottie never sent no message like that. That's too thin a story, young fellow."

"But it is true," Forsythe persisted. "Force the door, and you will find her tied to a chair. There have been robbers here already."

The constable grinned.

"You want to tell me that she's tied to a chair? I was over to Clem Bayliss' tonight. Jest came away from there. Lottie said good night to me. Come along now."

"Are you going to take me to the jail?" Forsythe demanded.

"That's what I be," was the answer in uncompromising tones.

"Will you stop at the Baylisses on the way there?" he begged. "It will only take a moment, and Miss Bayliss will identify me."

The constable paused uncertainly, but at last he decided to grant the request, and he led Howard up the trim walk through the Bayliss garden.

"I caught this young fellow trying to break into the station. He declared that Lottie telegraphed him to come up," he explained to his recent host.

Lottie came into the hall at that moment.

"I did not telegraph for Mr. Forsythe," she said coldly. "I have not been in the station all evening."

"But you did," persisted Howard. "You telegraphed me that you were bound to a chair in the station and that robbers were preparing to blow open the safe. I would know your Morse anywhere any time."

To the surprise of all Lottie began to laugh, so that she sank down upon a chair. It was some minutes before she could explain. At last her mirth abated.

"I am teaching my nephew, Ted, telegraphy," she explained. "I borrowed some wire from the construction department, and most of it is strung on the railroad poles. I was practicing with him tonight, and I sent that absurd message for fun. The wire must have broken in the storm and crossed your wire, and that is how you happened to get it."

"And it's a scell!" he asked ruefully as he thought of the hard ride.

"How did you come up?" she asked.

"On the track bicycle," he explained.

"Through all this storm?"

Howard nodded.

"You poor boy," she said. "You must have nearly killed yourself. Father will take you upstairs and give you some dry clothes."

"It would be no use," he reminded. "I've got to get back again. The limited goes through at 6 and must be reported."

"But you will take good care of yourself when you get back, won't you?" she pleaded.

Howard nodded. She followed him to the door.

"Howard," she called, as he was turning away. He came back up the steps.

"I'm going down to see Cousin Jane tomorrow afternoon," she said softly. "I'll tell you then how sorry I am that I was cross and hateful the other night."

There was a soft sound of meeting lips, and then Howard went down the walk. The rain still poured in sheets, but he did not notice it. In answering the call he had found not danger, but happiness, at the other end of the wire.

The Savage and the Bird Cage.

A gentleman who went out with Stanley to Africa took with him a number of bird cages in which he hoped to bring back some specimens of the rarer birds of the interior. Owing to the death of his carriers he was obliged to throw away the bird cages, with a number of other articles. These were seized by the natives in great glee, though they did not know what to do with them, but they eventually decided that the small circular cages were a kind of headgear, and, knocking off the bottom, the chiefs strutted about in them with evident pride. One chief, thinking himself more wise than the others and having seen the white men eat at table out of dishes, thought they were receptacles for food and took his meals from one, ceremoniously opening and shutting the door between each mouthful.

Desiring and Attaining.

Between desire and attaining, all human life flows on throughout. The wish is, in its nature, pain; the attainment soon begets satiety, the end was only apparent; possession takes away the charm; the wish, the need, presents itself under a new form when it does not; then follow desolateness, emptiness, ennui—against which the conflict is just as painful as against want. That wish and satisfaction should follow each other neither too quickly nor too slowly, reduces to the smallest amount the suffering which both occasion, and constitutes the happiest life.—Arthur Schopenhauer.

SELECTED HIS OWN GRAVE.

Dead Shot Bill Found the Marshal Was Not to Be Bluffed.

When Dead Shot Bill rode into Hays City one day in the early seventies with his hat pulled down over his eyes and a hard look around his mouth those who knew him said that he had come for blood. He had not, however. He had come to have an understanding with Dave Mills, who had lately been appointed city marshal. Bill sat on his horse in front of the Star saloon until Dave came along, and when they had saluted each other and shaken hands he said, "Dave, what about this city marshal business?" "I'm goin' to keep order," was the reply. "No more shootin' up the town?" "No more, Bill." "You'll stop it?" "I will."

"Say, Dave, you can't do it. You are a good man, but you jest can't do it. I'm comin' in tomorrow to capture the town." "Don't try it on, Bill." "But I shall, Dave." "Hev you got a few minits to spare?" asked Dave as he gave a hitch to his gun. "A half hour. What's wanted?" "Come over to the graveyard, Bill, and select your last restin' place. It's fillin' up purty fast, but that are a few choice spots left." They went over the creek to Boot hill, the three acre spot set aside for the dead, and as Bill got off his horse Dave waved his hand and said, "Take your pick, and I'll put a Chinyman at work diggin' the grave."

Bill walked over the ground, and finally selected a sunny spot on the south side of a knoll and said it would do. The city marshal called to a Chinaman who was passing and ordered him to get a shovel and dig a hole, and then he turned to Bill with: "Wall, at what time tomorrer kin I expect you?" "About noon, Dave." "Sure to come?" "Dead sure. I never disappoint an audience, you know." "I'll be ready. Goodby, Bill." "So long, Dave." At 11:55 o'clock next day Dead Shot Bill came into Hays City with a whoop and a yell, his broncho on a dead run and a gun in either hand. At 12:05 he was lying dead in front of the Wild West saloon, and at 12:45 the inquest had been concluded and he was occupying the grave he had selected. The city marshal had downed him, and the verdict of the jury was, "We are kinder sorry for the deceased, but it was all right and according to Hoyle."—Denver Field and Farm.

AN IRISH SUPERSTITION.

Fisherman Don't Like to Meet Women When Starting For Work.

Superstitions as to its being most unlucky to meet a woman when setting out to fish or upon any journey by sea are not uncommon. From a headland on the Donegal coast the writer was one day anxiously watching a small smack fighting across the bay against a heavy sea and stiff breeze which had suddenly sprung up. After a long and hard fight, for it the little craft made the pier in safety, and upon condolences being offered the skipper on his recent hardships, he said: "Sure, what better luck could I have? Didn't I meet a redheaded woman in Sligo this morning the moment I left my lodging to walk down to the boat!" In this case the color of the woman's hair and the fact of her being the first person met with after the man left his house seemed to be the determining factors in the day's luck. But in other places the objection to such an encounter embraces hair of all shades and any hour of the day, it being amply sufficient to bring the ill luck that any woman should pass you by just as you are walking down to the boat. Only a few weeks ago the writer visited a small fishing village on the Galway coast and just before getting on his car to return home was chatting to the landlady of the little inn. A strapping young fisherman who was walking down the road toward the harbor suddenly stopped, climbed over the fence and made his way to his boat across the fields. The writer observed to his hostess that the young fellow must have mistaken him for a process server with a writ for him. She laughed rather derisively and said: "It's not you at all, sir, he's afraid of, but me. He's just going fishing and would not pass me by if you gave him the fill of his hat of gold."—London Chronicle.

Napoleon.

There is no doubt Napoleon fell through the sheer dizziness of the height he had climbed to. "The Duc de Raguse," says the Comtesse de Boigne, "once explained to me the nature of his connection with the emperor in a phrase which is more or less applicable to the whole nation. 'When Napoleon said, "All for France," I served with enthusiasm. When he said, "France and I," I served with zeal. When he said, "I and France," I served with obedience. When he said "I" without France, I felt the necessity of parting from him.' "—T. P.'s London Weekly.

A Night on the Sleeper.

"Have you ever traveled in a sleeping car, Uncle Jasper?"

"Yes, oncet. But I didn't sleep any."

"What was the trouble?"

"You see, I'd just greased my boots, and I'd heard tell about them porters always takin' people's shoes out and blackin' em, so I had to keep awake all night so he wouldn't git a hold of mine, for I knew if he done it he'd want extra on account of the hard job. Blamed if I can see why the company allows them kind of things to go on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Is Queer.

Little Boy — Isn't fathers queer? Auntie—In what way? Little Boy—When a boy does anything for his pa, he doesn't get anything, but if another man's boy does it he gets a nickel.

Agreeing With Beamish.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"It looks like a graveyard," said Audrey, with a little shiver, as she stared into the body of the theater.

On the stage the open fire skylights flooded the bare space with light and created a grateful draft, but the body of the house was swathed in white thin cloths over the rows of the rounded backs of seats, suggesting an orderly row of tombstones.

In the broad foyer back of the balcony one of Manager Beamish's "No. 2" companies went through its rehearsal, while still another touring organization occupied the side lobby downstairs, but it was the Avenue stock company, the pride of Beamish's attractions, that occupied the stage. Audrey Harwood smiled at the thought that this season she was rehearsing with the crack company on the stage instead of one of the less important companies in the lobby.

The year before she had labored through a small part with a road company, and it had not been until the last of the season that Basil, the general stage manager for Beamish, had noticed her work on one of his trips of inspection and had promoted her to the metropolitan company.

"It's been the graveyard of many a blasted hope," retorted Mabel Terry, the leading lady, with a laugh, "and Beamish is the ghoul that goes prowling around the place seeking whom he may devour. There he comes now," she added as the burly form of the manager was discerned descending the staircase leading from the balcony, where he had been watching the rehearsal of the minor company.

Now he settled his huge bulk in a seat at the rear of the house, his pudgy hands clasped across his fat stomach, while he viciously chewed the end of an unlit cigar. Beamish was an inveterate smoker, but he lived in dread of a fire that might put his house out of business for a time, and he never smoked in the theater, even in his own office.

His presence made itself felt to Howard Basil, though the latter stood with his back to the auditorium. Some of the actors played better with the manager's eyes upon them, others grew nervous and confused, and Audrey, coming under Beamish's notice for the first time, failed utterly in her scene. As her voice faltered and broke there came a gruff shout from the rear of the house, and the company eyed the girl commiseratingly, while Basil dropped the rehearsal to answer Beamish's summons.

"Get another girl for that part of Mona," was the terse command. "That stick you've got there is rotten."

"She will play all right," was the response. "She rehearses badly, and then she is nervous because you are out here."

"I want another girl," was Beamish's emphatic answer. "It's only a [illegible] that she plays, but it comes in [illegible] and we can't have that spoiled. Get rid of her."

"If I thought that she would spoil it, I shouldn't have engaged her," answered Basil quietly. "The girl will [illegible] in the end."

"Give the part to Ashton," ordered Beamish. "Let this girl out tomorrow."

"I have full control of the companies," said Basil, whose face had grown very white. "Miss Ashton can play the part at a pinch. Miss Harwood can live the part. If she goes, I go."

"I've got you under contract," sputtered Beamish.

"I just mentioned the important clause of that contract," retorted Basil. "You will break it by your own action."

The younger man stood quietly for a moment, while Beamish chewed his cigar viciously. Basil was a man hard to replace. Moreover, he had seen the English production of the piece and had read the play with the author. It would never do to let him go on the eve of a production. Beamish rose heavily to his feet.

"I don't suppose that you will object to Ashton understudying?" he asked gruffly.

"Not in the least," said Basil. "I'll send for her this afternoon."

He returned to the stage. Those better versed in the Beamish methods had guessed that the stage manager had been fighting for Audrey and had told the girl so. She flashed him a grateful glance, but he merely took his place by the table and ordered the rehearsal of the scene over again. It was not until after the company had been dismissed that Audrey had a chance to speak to him.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said gratefully.

Basil looked down into the wistful face. "By doing as well as you possibly can," he said. "I want you to justify my judgment, and I am certain that you can. There will be an understudy here tomorrow, but don't worry. If Beamish wants to pay any extra salary, let him. It is seldom that he indulges in that luxury."

He turned away to hide the real answer to her question. The temptation was strong upon him to take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her and it was because of his love that he had fought. To do so would seem to be presuming upon his action. Mentally he cursed Beamish for raising this barrier against his hopes.

Miss Ashton appeared the following morning, sitting in one of the front seats and studying the business carefully, but Audrey played without a break, and at the dress rehearsal even Beamish was pleased to grunt a grudging assent to Basil's praise.

Then came the opening night. The house was crowded, for it was an early opening of the season, and the other theaters were still dark. Beamish gleamed upon the crowd of notables streaming into the house. He knew that he had one of the strongest plays of the hour. To score a hit would mean perhaps an all season run at the home theater and a tremendous advertisement for the road companies.

But his hopes were dashed when Basil came out front with a worried look upon his face.

"Terry was thrown out of her automobile on her way to the theater," he reported. "The physician thinks she has fractured her skull."

"And we've got to lose all this?" asked Beamish, with a wave of his cigar. The accident to his leading woman appealed only to his own selfishness and cupidity.

"Miss Harwood is dressing for the part," explained Basil. "She can play it, I am certain. It would never do to turn the crowd away. We could never get them back on a later night."

Beamish nodded a grudging assent. He knew that Basil had stated the situation properly. To get another woman or wait for Miss Terry to recover would upset the play and give it a blow from which it could never recover.

"Go ahead," he said shortly. "It's a last chance. Perhaps the play will carry the girl through."

Basil hurried behind the scenes to make the announcement, and Beamish lumbered in to lean over the rear rail of the orchestra floor. At the end of the first act he went back on the stage.

"Going great," he said shortly. Then he turned upon his heel and walked back to his place of observation.

In the second act Audrey had her big scene, and, forgetful of self, she threw herself into the part. She could not act well at rehearsal, but now the lights and the crowd acted as a stimulus. Nerved by the further desire to justify Basil's confidence, she surpassed herself. At the end of the act the house rang with cheers, and her success was assured.

After the last act, while the crowds in the restaurants were discussing her wonderful work, [illegible] she still lingered in the dressing room. The other players had gone, and only the cluster of electric lights in the center of the stage illuminated the place, emphasizing the dark shadows thrown by the stacked scenery.

Beamish and Basil were talking as she came down the dressing room corridor, and they did not hear her soft footfalls as she approached.

"I suppose you'll marry her, you're so stuck on her," grumbled the manager.

"Your objection to her work sealed my lips," said Basil coldly. "I could not seem to demand her love as the price of her being retained in the company."

"Bosh!" said Beamish, with an uneasy laugh. "You're a fool not to grab her up before some one else does."

"I don't agree with you," said Basil grimly. Audrey stepped into the circle of light.

"I do," she said [illegible]. "Howard, may I ask your escort to my hotel?"

Beamish, [illegible] excitement, forgot himself and lit his cigar as the two passed out. For once a member of his company had agreed with him.

A Pretty Bit of Courtesy.

At one of the public receptions given at the White House during the Cleveland administration an old lady who was drawn up in the line that was pushing its way forward to shake hands with the president's wife dropped her handkerchief just before getting to Mrs. Cleveland. She was too old and rheumatic to stoop down and recover it, and those back of her in the line were too intent upon getting the one fleeting glimpse possible of the mistress of the White House to notice the old lady's loss, and the handkerchief was trampled upon roughly.

Just before the old lady reached her Mrs. Cleveland stepped out of her place and deftly picked up the handkerchief, tucked it in her dress and, taking her own fresh one, which was of the most delicate, dainty lace, smilingly handed it to the old lady with the sweet remark, "Please take mine, and when you get home send it back to me, will you?" And when the handkerchief came back to her Mrs. Cleveland returned that of the owner, freshly laundered, lying on the top of a beautiful box of rosebuds that came from the White House conservatory.

Her Word or Two.

A Manchester man, whose wife was going abroad, asked her to telegraph him a word or two letting him know of her safe arrival in London.

In a few hours he received the following message:

"Dear George—Arrived here safely at fifteen minutes after 6. The train was due at 6, but we were delayed fifteen minutes while en route. Had a perfectly lovely journey. Do not worry about me, I will get along all right. And take good care of yourself. Be very careful about taking cold this weather. Be sure to have the house open and aired as often as possible. Remember what I told you about your socks and shirts. Do not forget to keep the basement door locked. Write every day. I am sure I shall have a lovely time. So good of you to let me go. You must come over after me soon. For ever and ever and ever yours, Mamie."

An hour later Mamie was pained to receive the following reply to her word or two: "Do not wire from Switzerland. Am ruined if you do.—George."—London Standard.

THEODORE HOOK.

Stories of the Greatest Practical Joker of His Day.

Of the list of geniuses the name of Theodore Hook is near the top. At sixteen he was making a big income and enjoying great popularity. His name was blazoned in the papers as a prodigy, his portraits were in the shop windows, and he had free admission to all theaters and other places of amusement. For years he was a social and literary lion. His last words were: "It is only to the grave that I must be carried. If my poor children were safe I would not care. I am suffering under a constant depression of spirits which no one who sees me in society dreams of."

Hook's practical jokes were the talk of the day. His intimates egged him on continually, and there was nothing he would stop at. One day they pointed out to him as an appropriate specimen for his museum a gilded eagle of enormous dimensions which had just been erected over a grocer's shop. A few weeks afterward while entertaining his coterie at dinner at one of the old taverns he ordered the "game" to be served. To the astonishment of the guests the waiter entered the room staggering under the burden of a dish of unusual size. On uncovering it there was produced the identical eagle which Hook as a practical joke had contrived to carry off. Merely for this sort of fun Hook used to pull off knockers and bell handles, carry away tradesmen's signs, overturn the boxes of sleeping janitors and do other devilment until he had a roomful of household attachments and street ornaments.

One night Hook was passing a great house where there was a reception of the swellest of the swells. Dinner had just been announced. He said to the friend accompanying him: "John, I'm going in here to spend the evening. Call for me at 11 o'clock." The friend was horrified. Said he in protest, "You do not know these grand people, and you are not an invited guest." "That's all right. Call for me at 11." Knocking at the door, he gave his hat confidently to the lackey and was ushered upstairs. Entering the drawing room, he affected at first to have discovered his mistake and poured such sallies of wit that the host and hostess actually pressed him to stay for dinner.

At 11 o'clock, when his friend called, not knowing whether he would find Hook at the reception or in the lockup, he was more than astounded, on entering the drawing room to see Hook seated at the piano delivering some extempore poetry to a bevy of the fairest women in the gathering. Perceiving the entrance of this friend, the practical joker, who had not hitherto divulged his name, arose and said:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare,
[illegible]
[illegible]
"And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

The king, being present and full of [illegible] immediately appointed him treasurer to the [illegible] of the Mauritius with a salary of $10,000 a year.—New York Press.

A Big Boiled Dinner.

Cooks in large hotels and boarding houses may think they get up meals on a big scale, but when it comes to wholesale cookery the little village of [illegible], on the London and Southwestern railway, England, surpasses them all. At a barbecue held there some years ago, an ox was boiled, not roasted, whole, and this is how it was done: A large hole was dug in the ground and lined with brick. Inside this a tank large enough to hold the ox was built. The carcass was then lowered into the tank, having first been placed in a case formed by heavy crossbars, to which chains were attached. Pulleys from a scaffolding above were used to raise and lower the ox. Many vegetables, such as carrots, onions, cabbages and potatoes, were boiled with the meat. The boiling required seven hours.

Not Quite Clear.

A well known clergyman of Boston was once talking to some friends with reference to the desirability of chronological coherence in ideas in the form of written statements, when he observed that there are times when this method becomes a trifle too suggestive.

"For instance," said the speaker, "I once heard a minister in New Hampshire make his usual Sunday morning announcements as follows:

" 'The funeral of the late and much lamented sexton takes place on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

" 'Thanksgiving services will be held in this chapel on Thursday morning at 11 o'clock.' "—Lippincott's.

A Changed Bird.

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a bluejay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking as if with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked, "Well, begorra, but ye was a foine looking burd before Oi blew the fithers off o' ye!"—Judge's Library.

Ridiculous.

"Among the Quakers," said Miss Wise, "I believe the men wear their hats in church."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Miss Gidday. "As if any one could possibly be interested in men's hats!"—Philadelphia Press.

The men in this country who begin by knowing it all generally wind up by asking the way home.—Atlanta Constitution.

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VETERANS SPEAK OUT

Ringing Call to Old Soldiers to Back Sheatz For Treasurer

HE WAS THEIR FRIEND

Patriotic Record of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania in Recognizing the Services of the Nation's Brave Defenders.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.

Nearly 100 well known veterans of the Civil War, soldiers and sailors who fought for the flag in the hour of the nation's peril, have united in an address to their fellow citizens of Pennsylvania calling upon them to support John O. Sheatz, the Republican nominee for state treasurer.

This action is doubly significant in view of the early attempts of Democratic politicians to alilgn the war veterans in opposition to Mr. Sheatz.

A Patriotic Record.

The address to which these heroic Pennsylvanians append their signatures is a comprehensive statement of the record of the Republican party in the matter of caring for the veterans of the war in both the state and the nation. It recites in detail the many pension measures passed and gives figures showing the amount of money paid out to the veterans.

It emphasizes the policy of the Republican leadership in Pennsylvania, which has been responsible for the generous appropriations made to the schools for the care of the orphans of soldiers and sailors, a total expenditure of $12,846,158.74 having been made to date for this item alone.

There has been appropriated sums aggregating $1,987,988.48 to the home at Erie for friendless veterans, and homes for veterans and their wives established at Brookville, Hawkins Station and Philadelphia have been assisted by the state to the extent of $200,000.

Sheatz Was Sincere.

A careful review of the work of John O. Sheatz, as chairman of the committee on appropriations of the house of representatives, is given and Mr. Sheatz is declared to have acted with the highest spirit of patriotism and fairness in framing the bill providing for pensions for the veterans which Governor Stuart, on account of insufficiency of funds, felt obliged to veto.

As to Mr. Sheatz the address among other things says:

"Because of the insufficiency of the state funds the governor was compelled to very reluctantly veto the bill, but we have every reason to believe that at the next session of the legislature of our state there will be sufficient members, like Mr. Sheatz, whose patriotic impulses and affection for the veterans of the Civil War will insure the passage of a satisfactory bill for the purpose indicated.

"In view of the facts herein presented, is it necessary to offer any further arguments or reasons when we ask you to support the Republican State ticket in the coming election? The candidates to be voted for have been nominated by the same old parties—John O. Sheatz for state treasurer, by the party of Lincoln, Grant and McKinley, the party that has ever sustained and cared for the veteran, his widow, and the orphan, and honored and loved him for his services; his opponent, by the party that has never been known to favor the veteran in any way, but has stricken his name from the pension roll and has left him an object of charity.

"We ask for, not only your own vote, but that you use your influence with your fellow citizens that our state, which was true to the union in the days of '61, may still remain true to the party that has ever been true to the Union and has always been a friend to the soldier."

Republicans Are Aroused.

The chairman says he is highly gratified with the reports that come to him from every section of the state. The committeemen in all he counties are working enthusiastically and they assure him that a very large percentage of the vote will be polled.

There have been so many requests received at the state headquarters for meetings to be addressed by Candidate Sheatz that owing to conflicting dates suggested the state chairman has had difficulty in complying with the wishes of all of the county chairmen.

President Habgood, of the State League of Republican Clubs, is cooperating with State Chairman Andrews. He has addressed a number of meetings and reports that the young Republicans of the state are taking a keen interest in the campaign.

"Mr. Sheatz will have at least 100,000 majority," confidently predicted President Habgood, after returning from a tour of the state.

Chairman Wesley R. Andrews, of the Republican state committee, has completed an itinerary for Mr. Sheatz for this week, with meetings at Bradford, Wednesday; Kane, Thursday; Indiana, Friday, and Pittsburg on Saturday night.

The action of the Republican state administration in pressing the prosecutions against men accused of defrauding the state in connection with the building and furnishing of the state capitol at Harrisburg has entirely eliminated that issue from the present political campaign.

Drawing a Line.

"I will come home feeling like a new woman," wrote his wife.

"Well, don't come home and act like one," cautioned her husband.—Houston Post.

An optimist is a man who is confident of his ability to dig out of any hole except the grave.—Dallas News.

SHOPLIFTING.

Inside and Outside Thieves in the Big Department Stores.

The fixed charges of a department store must cover the loss of breakage and general destruction, the failure of goods to sell and theft. The cheaper stores suffer more seriously from thieving than the higher priced ones because their employees are less trustworthy. For years the proprietors estimated that their theft losses were due half to their dishonest employees and half to outsiders, but not one of them would venture to estimate the total. There is a curious standard of ethics among some of the employees. They do not regard taking articles for their own use as theft, whereas to take them for some one else, even a member of the family, is plain robbery. Almost never are these guilty ones prosecuted, even if they are detected and the proof is conclusive. They are discharged, of course, and notices are posted in the dressing room explaining the reason. But when an employee steals goods to sell and is caught arrest follows.

Professional shoplifters have been largely eliminated owing to systematic prosecution. By far the greatest number of thefts committed by outsiders are traced to women, usually reputable, who yield to a sudden temptation. Incidentally the newspapers never name a store in which a person is arrested for shoplifting for the simple reason that it would frighten away customers. A retail store on Broadway, New York, that did a large business was actually ruined by the publication of the details of several arrests within its doors.—Everybody's.

QUICK WIT IN WAR.

How Mosby Turned a Situation to His Own Advantage.

Much of the success of Colonel Mosby and his partisan rangers in the Shenandoah valley was due to their dash and bravery, but an almost equal amount to the quick wit of their leader, who, says the author of "Mosby's Men," was never at a loss to turn a situation to his own advantage.

One night, while scouting with four or five of his men on the Winchester pike, he saw a squad of cavalry approaching from the direction of town. It was the Federal patrol on its rounds, and Mosby and his men were between them and their camp. When they got within hail they stopped and inquired of the Confederates who they were.

"Friends, with the countersign," replied Colonel Mosby, with his best imitation Yankee twang.

"One of you advance, then, and give the countersign," was the response.

"No," said the colonel sharply, "you are coming from the direction of the enemy. One of you advance."

As this was an entirely correct proposition, one of them rode forward. When he came up the colonel said to him in a low but terribly distinct voice as he leveled his revolver at him:

"Give the alarm and you are a dead man! I am Mosby. Call to the others that it is all right and to come on."

The prisoner did so, and five more of Uncle Sam's gallant defenders marched confidently up to the muzzles of as many revolvers and quietly surrendered.

SIN OF THE STREETS.

Young Criminals In the Making and New York's Juvenile Court.

A day spent in New York's children's court will never be forgotten. Here all the youthful offenders are tried. Into this court crowds more of human interest than in any other court in the world. Before its bar is constantly passing a great procession of human incongruities, scenes vibrant with pathos and humor, for both pathos and humor consist in the perception of incongruities. It is the sins of the parents and the sins of the living conditions that the overcrowded city forces on its children that here stand out most strikingly. The real culprit is more often the delinquent parent than the delinquent child. The sight of a child trotting to a saloon two or three times a day, pail in hand, to procure the family supply of beer—a familiar one in a great city—impeaches the parent for a criminal indifference. Small wonder that the child's moral perceptions are obliterated and his instincts perverted in such surroundings. It is in the streets, the vice sown streets, that the child learns to gamble, to swear, to steal. He cannot help it. He must employ the ways of his companions if he is to survive among them. And the ways of his companions lead oftenest to the children's court.—Delineator.

GOLF IN HOLLAND.

An Almanac of 1500 Shows the Dutch Putting at Holes.

England did not borrow golf originally from France, but from Holland, whence the Scots used to buy balls, if not clubs, till a crushing duty was placed on Dutch golf balls.

Indeed, there is abundant evidence, including that of Froissart, to prove that the Scots got everything from Holland ready made in exchange for raw materials.

However it was managed, we got golf balls from Holland and adopted the Flemish invention of the hole. This was the most brilliant invention of the Batavian genius.

All continental people played at an iron hoop or at a fixed object like the pin in croquet, but an illuminated almanac of about 1500 shows that in the Low Countries players already putted at holes.

The other kind of game, driving with hammer headed clubs and lofting through an iron ring instead of putting at the hole, reached England from France in the sixteenth century, but died out after the revolution of 1688.

It is still played in the neighborhood of Montpellier and in a rude fashion, with a queer iron headed club, in the north of France.—London News.

Poor without debt is better than a prince.—Turkish Proverb.

A DESPERATE GAME

Democrats Resort to Campaign of Slander and Abuse.

BOURBON TACTICS REVIVED

Despite Onslaught of the Enemy Republican Lines In Pennsylvania Are Unbroken and Moving On to Triumph.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 15.

Without a single issue upon which to make a campaign, the Democrats of Pennsylvania, in a desperate effort to win the coming election, have resorted to the old-time tactics of slander, personal abuse and wilful misrepresentation of the Republican party and its candidate.

In the closing hours of the present state contest the Democratic editors and professional spellbinders find the tide of popular sentiment running so strongly against them that they seem to have lost all regard for decency and self-respect in the reckless and unscrupulous methods employed to promote their cause.

Despite the fact that before he was made the Republican nominee for state treasurer, John O. Sheatz was lauded by every Democratic newspaper in the state as a fearless, independent and public-spirited member of the state legislature, these same journalistic stars are now filling the columns of their newspapers with violent attacks upon Mr. Sheatz, with statements entirely at variance with their laudatory references to him while he was a member of the general assembly, fighting the battles of the people, and they are calling upon the voters to defeat him at the polls and elect in his stead a man whose strongest claim upon them is that he is a Democrat.

Reckless Democratic Oratory.

Supplementing the work of the Democratic editors, are a corps of professional Democratic politicians who are stumping the counties repeating charges that are absolutely unfounded, and circulating most flagrantly false statements in regard to Mr. Sheatz's votes in the legislature and in other ways misrepresenting the Republican candidate and his party.

This campaign of vituperation and abuse is a logical sequence to the attempt at the very outset of the contest to weaken Mr. Sheatz among the old soldiers of Pennsylvania by the distribution of circulars teeming with falsehoods and malice, and designed to array the veterans of the Civil War against him in the matter of the soldiers' pension bill.

The prompt and emphatic repudiation of this scheme by leading and influential members of the Grand Army, who knew Mr. Sheatz's ardent and conscientious interest in the old soldiers and sailors, and who, over their signatures, told the story of his devotion to their cause, for the time being completely demoralized the managers of the Democratic machine.

Bourbon Tactics Recalled.

Hostilities have been resumed, however.

There has evidently been an agreement among the Democratic politicians to go the limit in the closing days of the canvass in the matter of misrepresentation and abuse of everything Republican, and especially of the Republican nominee for state treasurer.

Last week marked the opening of this contemptible campaign. It is to be carried on without cessation until the polls close upon the 5th of November, but there is every reason to believe that the well-meaning citizens of the Keystone state will recognize this revival of the despicable Bourbon methods which for years characterized Democratic campaigns in this and other states.

The citizens of Pennsylvania are all familiar with the high personal character, the unblemished public record, the clean purpose and the proved integrity of John O. Sheatz, and it is certain that the more the Democratic editors and machine orators attack him the greater will be his majority at the coming election.

The people have confidence in Mr. Sheatz and will resent the disreputable campaign that is being waged against him.

Looking to the Presidency.

Under existing conditions in Pennsylvania, the success of the Republican ticket is inevitable.

Every effort on the part of the opposition to divide the Republican vote has been a failure. Independents who have recently been figuring in fusion movements are practically all lined up for the Republican candidate. They see that this is but the beginning of a great national fight in which the Republican hosts will be lined up against the national Democracy in a struggle for the presidency. They want to have their party united now, so that Republicanism will not be handicapped next year when it shall be called upon to elect a successor to President Roosevelt. They want to let the nation know by the size of the Republican majority in Pennsylvania this fall that the Keystone state is again at the front, prepared to battle for the principles and the policies which have made this the greatest nation upon the globe.

Dead Invited to the Banquet.

On the accession of a new emperor of China he goes in solemn state to the Temple of Heaven in Peking and formally announces to his imperial predecessors the new titles and dignities which he has assumed. These ancestors are then dutifully invited to the banquet of commemoration, where seats are duly reserved for them.

OUR STAPLE FOODS.

It Is Astonishing How Comparatively Few They Are.

Certain great food staples have proved themselves within the age long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility and other good qualities and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few there are of them when we come to consider them broadly—the flesh and the milk of three or four domesticated animals, the flesh of three or four and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds, three great grains, wheat, rice and maize, and a half dozen smaller and much less frequent ones, a hundred or so species of fishes and shellfish, two sugars, a dozen or so starch containing roots and tubers, only two of which, the potato and the manioc, are of real international importance, twenty or thirty fruits, forty or fifty vegetables—make up two-thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Instead of wondering at the variety and profuseness of the human food supply the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: "Nothink but beef, mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef! Hin my opinion, hit's 'igh time some new hanimal was inwented!"—McClure's.

BULLS AND PUNS.

A Batch of Misfit Sayings and Clever Sallies.

It is odd to charge Lord Beaconsfield with a "bull" in proposing in parliament to make suicide a capital offense. "We only punish those who fail," he said, and laughter drowned the conclusion of the sentence.

Sir Colin Campbell when in India wrote in an official report, "A lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and eat and die and then write home and tell their friends the climate killed them."

It was once the fashion in Paris to wear the hair "a la Capoul," after the famous singer. Capoul himself went to have his hair done and was asked what style. "A la Capoul," he blushingly suggested. His head was examined. "Ah, monsieur, it is not possible. You have not the head for it."

In England Joseph H. Choate became Joseph Choate. "In England," he explained, "I drop the H." The brilliant lawyer Channell, on the other hand, dropped his aspirates in a more usual way. In a trial the judge became confused as to whether the ship involved was the Helen or the Ellen. The lawyer on the other side, Sir Frederic Tresiger, gravely explained that she was christened the Helen, but "lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channell."

At an ecclesiastical luncheon one of the party, apparently given to dietetic theories, observed as they went in, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites." The bishop of Winchester, who had a good digestion, retorted, "Now to put a bit between my teeth."

The Corporal Got a Chill Too.

The captain tells a story which runs something like this: In camp one morning the first sergeant reported that Private B. had a chill. "Is it a serious one?" asked the captain. "Well, sir, I don't know just how serious it is, but it's a big one, for it seems to be all over him, and he weighs 200 pounds." On seeing him the captain found him looking rather blue and instructed the first sergeant to send him to the surgeon in charge of a corporal. Soon after breakfast the captain saw the corporal and asked him how the man was getting on. "Oh, he's all right now!" was the reply. "I took him up to the hospital tent, and when I saw what kind of medicine the doctor gave him I had a chill too."—Army and Navy Life.

True Hospitality.

In a New Hampshire village many stories are told of a former resident who had a warm heart, but a tongue that did not always utter his real meaning. One cold winter day he opened his door to see the minister, looking chill and tired, wading home through the snow after an hour spent with a needy but unpleasant parishioner.

"Come in, parson, come right in!" he called cheerily, waving his arms with hospitable intent. "My wife will make a rousing fire to warm you up. It's well started already, parson. She'll make it so hot you can't stay in the house fifteen minutes!"

More Antique.

Impecunious but Enthusiastic Collector—Let me see; what is the price of that picture?

Art Dealer—Eighteen hundred pounds, madam.

"Eighteen hundred pounds! Why, this is the third time I have asked the price of that painting within three days, and it is a hundred pounds more each time I ask!"

"Yes, but madam must remember it is an antique and that it grows older every day."—London Answers.

An Oversight.

Watch—Eight bells and all's well.

Mrs. Pohunk (feebly)—I guess, Josiah, he hasn't looked on this side of the boat lately or he'd known better.—Brooklyn Times.

An Economist.

"Yes," boasted an overdressed individual, "I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice and exchanged it once for a new one at a cafe!"

If false tongues were to drop out as easily as false teeth, what a pleasant world it would be.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Postoffice "Derelicts."

On an average no less than 120,000 letters are posted annually without any address, some of them containing money which amounts to about £6,000 a year. Among the cryptographic addresses submitted for decipherment to the postoffice expert were "Ohlsestdeck," which being interpreted is "Holborn Viaduct," and "Hilewite," which stands more obviously for "Isle of Wight." These were easy of decipherment compared with a letter addressed "Hamfeach in no Hamptshere," which nevertheless was duly forwarded to "Hamfeach, Northamptonshire," and with another thus superscribed, "To the Sectory of Wore, Chelsey Cattitle, London, Queen Victoria," which was duly delivered to the secretary of war. —T. P.'s London Weekly.

Hit Them Both.

Jones—What was a soothing sermon on mean men the parson gave us last Sunday. Wonder what Smith thought about it? Brown—Singular! I met Smith yesterday, and he said he'd like to know your opinion on it.—London Telegraph.

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

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Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1907, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by J. W. Waite, Edgar W. Strong, F. H. Hungiville, M. L. Armstrong, Guy McCoy, Sheridan Gorton and others for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Smethport Firemen's Relief Association," of the State of Pennsylvania, the character and object of which is for the purpose of providing for and maintaining a fund for the relief, support and burial of its members and their successors who may be crippled or killed or who may be prevented from attending to their usual occupation or calling on account of chronic ailments or personal injury caused through exposure or accident while doing public fire duty, and for the pensioning of the widows and orphans, or dependent parents of members who may be killed or who may die from injuries received while in the discharge of their duties as firemen, and for these purposes to have possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid and its supplements.

GORTON & RICHMOND, Solicitors.

Notice.

In re Maggie Ross, A Lunatic. No. 816, June Term, 1907.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Penna.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Sheridan Gorton, Committee in Lunacy of the above named Maggie Ross, has exhibited and filed in the Office of the Prothonotary his final account as such Committee and that the said account will be allowed by the Court on the 11 day of November, A. D. 1907, unless cause be shown why the same should not be allowed.

SAMUEL E. BELL, Prothonotary

October 10, 1907.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of William H. Hungerford, occupation, wholesale liquor dealer, and Fred H. Hungiville, occupation, clerk, present residence Smethport, Pa., for transfer of wholesale liquor license granted to Joseph A. Holder, at No. 65 June Sessions, 1907, on the 16th day of May, 1907, and transferred to the said William H. Hungerford on the first day of June, 1907, at the store building situate on the South side of Main street, in Square No. 82, known as the Joseph A. Holder building, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, will be heard by the court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at Chambers in Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, the 19th day of October, 1907, at 8 o'clock p. m.

GORTON & RICHMOND, Attorneys for Applicants.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frank O. Richmond, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Frank O. Richmond, late of the borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

MARY E RICHMOND, Administratrix.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1907.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of McKean County upon the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

W. R. WILSON, Administrator.
Cyclone, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1907.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
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LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

M. M. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellow Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 401.

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Burg Chadwick, M. D.
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Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. E. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
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G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Butler,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
Office at residence, 101 W. King St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
The hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Farmer's Hotel
P. STRAVINO, Prop.
203 Water St., Smethport, Pa.
Furnished and unfurnished rooms and table board. First class meals at $1.00 per day. All callers are cordially welcomed.

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